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THE announcement that HER MAJESTY has again not only appeared in public, but has in person performed one of the actions which are reserved to the Sovereign, has a significance which may well claim remark. On the QUEEN's own account, it is matter for earnest thankfulness that she has at length risen superior to the numbing effects of her great bereavement. Grief for the dead takes its most touching and attractive form when it chastens and refines a whole life, rather than when its poignancy disables the mourner from every-day duties. And the reason of this is plain. There is no real, at least no adequate, sympathy with acute and overwhelming afflictions. The widow and the childless have sorrows into which none can enter, and, therefore, with which none can, in the truest sense, fully sympathize. It is as in death—we die and grieve alone. There is no companionship in the tomb, and none in that stage of bereavement where the whole world is as a tomb. From the QUEEN in her mourning we have hitherto stood apart—we have respectfully and reverentially been silent. But now that HER MAJESTY is again among us, she will know more fully what the national sympathy is. Her life henceforth will be one that we can appreciate. Secluded from the world in a blank and dreary isolation from the hour of the PRINCE CONSORT's death, the QUEEN commanded our affectionate respect and homage, but her affliction only imperfectly called out our best and deepest feelings. There seems to be something superhuman—something, at any rate, out of the range of ordinary sympathy—in the very aspect of a chilling and desolating grief. It paralyses both the mourner and the spectator. This is now at an end. The QUEEN enters once more into the sphere of our common humanity. She is the nation's widow, but she is discharging her duties; and what wins upon men's minds is the sight of duty done, when duty itself is of the nature of self-sacrifice.

For it is not to be denied that grief, like other emotions, may be indulged up to the point of making a sort of luxury of it. Sorrow, according to the proverb, is selfish; and sorrow, like all other affections, grows by giving way to it, and, as it grows, it displaces other moral functions. There were those who began to dread lest the QUEEN should impair her fitness for the high duties of her station by dwelling too exclusively upon a single object, however amiable, and by cultivating only a single set of sentiments, however graceful and becoming, and, in her case, however natural. All this is true of common life. Not only are we not attracted, but we are almost repelled, by witnessing in our social relationships a spectacle of prolonged and agonizing sorrow. Because we cannot enter into it, we are tempted to stand aloof, if not to censure. It is above us, and we cannot sympathize but with kindred natures. We almost judge it harshly, and call it selfish and overstrained. And herein we are generally wrong; we only misread the sentiment because we cannot understand it. Yet, if it is the duty of people in private station to remember that, as there is a time for weeping, so there is a time for refraining, especially are Sovereigns bound by their difficult and painful position to do violence to themselves. The Sovereign must be something almost abstract and impersonal. The inner life of Royalty has to be subordinated to the claims of public state and dignity. It is the cross—which though hidden, is very sharp—in the royal Crown, that husband and child and wife and daughter are not, to kings and queens, what they are to commonplace and less dignified humanity. Especially is this the case in a monarchy such as our own. This is a time, as was wisely remarked by the PRINCE CONSORT himself, when all institutions are on their trial; and the institution of monarchy is subjected to the same searching, often a jealous one, which HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS said that constitutional government must expect. The Oriental and sensual seclusion in which the late GEORGE passed the closing years of his reign inflicted a severe

shock to the sentiment of English loyalty; and there can be little doubt that the British throne rocked and reeled through his successor's reign, chiefly because GEORGE IV. had shown practically of how little use was a King unseen and unknown by his subjects. HER MAJESTY's seclusion was due to a cause which commanded the reverential regards of her people; yet it might be rash to assert that it could have been indefinitely protracted without danger to the principle of Royalty. It is not true that everything goes on as well without the Sovereign in public, discharging public duties; nor can it be desirable to suggest the thought that, for a period amounting to something like years, we may be deprived of the sight of our SOVEREIGN, of the graces of a Court, and of the personal living functions of the Crown. In the oldest history we have a curious and, to some extent, appropriate instance of the dangers which are incurred when a monarch shuts himself up from his people, and gives way to the bitter luxury of unrestrained grief. DAVID, to be sure, mourned for a wretched object—for a treasonable and vicious son; but the counsel of his friends was politic enough, and suited to other than Oriental Sovereigns:—"Now, therefore, arise, go forth, and speak comfortably unto thy servants." And the advice was not given too soon; for Israel had fled every man to his tent, and it was not till the KING arose and sat in the gate that he recovered the hearts of his people.

The Queen of ENGLAND is once more sitting in the gate. We shall see her, as in the old days, going out and coming in among her people. Her example and the practical teaching of her life will once more be our daily visible lessons. She has, with consummate taste, selected as the beginning of her renewed life an occasion which, while it knits her to the days of mourning, may well stand as the transition to the breaking of the clouds. The uncovering of the PRINCE CONSORT's statue at Aberdeen combined the elements which represented private feeling and public duty. The occasion was, in every sense, a public one. An address was presented, and the chief magistrate of the city was knighted. It was a royal and courtly ceremonial; and, from the nature of the case, it implies a resumption of the public and formal state and functions of the Crown of England. In discharging these functions, although it cannot be without an effort and a pang, the QUEEN will be attended with the deepest and heartiest sympathies of her subjects. We can all of us enter into this life of daily struggles and daily duties—duties which will themselves be mellowed and elevated by the effort which they cost. There are few spectacles more beautiful and more engaging than that of a widow left with the heavy responsibility of a family, and yet cheerfully, and even thankfully, accepting the weary work of life, not only for the sake of her children, but for His sake. The late PRINCE CONSORT, if his character is read aright, made his existence one long personal sacrifice. He was content to be scantily appreciated, even to be misunderstood and under-valued, so that he might manfully do his own duty. Not that he superciliously rejected public approval or was careless of good opinion; but his path was a difficult one. It required the exercise of constant self-suppression, and a perpetual check and violence upon his feelings. If, as the QUEEN so touchingly expresses it, her future life will be coloured by admiration of her husband's character, there is no feature in that character, and no virtue among his many virtues, so worthy to be imitated as his habitual sacrifice of his own natural promptings to his sense of the special and difficult duties which he owed to his station. What the people of Aberdeen did the people of England will do. In their loyalty and love there will be a silent and subdued tone. They will neither ask nor expect, nor even wish, that the future should be as the happy past. They will remember that it is their Widowed QUEEN, even in their loyal congratulations to their QUEEN. Were it not for the exceptional

character of the occasion on which HER MAJESTY burst through her long captivity in the house of mourning, we might almost envy the remote Northern city to which has been given the honour of first welcoming our SOVEREIGN on her return to the activities of public life. She stood at Aberdeen surrounded by a goodly girdle of sons and daughters; but when the towers of Windsor, and the halls of her capital, and the palace of her counsellors are once more made happy by her presence, the most popular Sovereign in Europe will know that her people are to her as sons and daughters, and, in some respects, as a husband too.

#### GERMANY AND DENMARK.

**E**VEN those who are most accustomed to watch the political ways of Germans are often obliged to confess that there is something in Germany which they cannot understand. It seems almost incredible to the inhabitants of Western Europe that there should be a people with great natural resources, with much intellectual power, and with a considerable material force at its command, which nevertheless seems content to be never getting forward, is always going over the same ground, and accepts its own feebleness and absence of aim as established by some hidden law of nature. Germans at the end of a long controversy are still where they began, and are quite satisfied to take up, time after time, the position they have once adopted. The King of PRUSSIA is certainly not a fair representative of Germany, but still he often reminds us that he is not so very different from his subjects, after all; and, just as they go on patiently putting up with him, so he goes on with that elementary confusion of ideas which is at the root of his disagreement with his people. Out of Germany it would be impossible to find a monarch who, at a late period of a long constitutional struggle, would assure a deputation that, if his people wished to be loyal to their KING, they must love and support his Ministers. Whether the Ministers shall or shall not be responsible to the nation is the very question at issue; and yet the KING has thought it worth while to inform the public that, if they will but let him have exactly his own way, he will not be displeased with them. But far more wonderful than any stolidity which the King of PRUSSIA can display, is the astonishing apathy and calmness with which all Germans appear to regard what is going on with reference to the Federal execution in Holstein. To take some strong step which should comfort the hearts of the Schleswigers and make Germans paramount in both Duchies has been the one wish of the whole German people for many years. Now they seem on the eve of getting what they want; for a Federal execution has been ordered to take place at any time after a date which will come next week, and the four States charged with carrying out the task have accepted the commission. On the other hand, England has told the Germans in the most decided and peremptory way that they are not to take this step, and has encouraged Denmark to resist it. We are not aware what has been the action of France, but it is scarcely possible to suppose that the EMPEROR would lose so good an opportunity of making his influence felt. Any other nation would have been violently excited by this. Either the Germans are on the eve of a great war, or if they, in common with the rest of the world, believe that war will not take place, they are on the eve of undergoing a mortifying humiliation. To a nation that considers itself one of the greatest in the world it would naturally seem humiliating to have decided on a step after long and careful deliberation, to have announced the mode and the date of its execution, and then to have to withdraw and rest inactive because one or more foreign Powers chose to say that inactivity would best suit Europe. But the Germans do not appear to have any feelings of the sort. They do not seem to resent the interference of England; they do not lament the last glaring proof of the utter futility of their Federal Government. They are not abashed, or grieved, or ashamed. It was understood that there was to be a Federal execution in Holstein, and now it is understood that probably there may not be one, and that is all they care about the matter. They have other things to attend to just now. They are engaged in celebrating the battle of Leipzig, fought fifty years ago. After the power of NAPOLEON was broken by his Russian campaign, the Germans turned upon him, and so far defeated him as to force him to return to France. As nothing has happened to them since the great NAPOLEON war which the most ardent German imagination can conceive to be glorious, they are now going to amuse themselves with celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of this old

battle. If the bitterest ingredient of political sorrow is the remembering brighter days, there must be some Germans who will feel the contrast between the times when they could at least kick the great NAPOLEON as he was falling, and these sad times when they must wait to hear from Western Europe whether they may go to war or not with the tiny Power of Denmark.

It shows, however, the solid sense of the nation if this apathy proceeds, as it may in part, from the secret conviction that the Schleswig-Holstein affair is not one to be settled by arms at all. And possibly, in their hearts, the Germans may be thankful to Earl RUSSELL for the very plain terms he has used to carry this conviction home to them. The occasion was one which demanded prompt and decisive language. The only thing to weigh with the leaders of the Federation was a distinct intimation that England would protect Denmark; and it would only have led to greater confusion and bitterness in the end if the intentions of England had been announced as dark possibilities. There certainly is no mistaking Earl RUSSELL's language. He tells the Diet that, in attempting to prescribe what kind of Constitution shall prevail generally in the dominions of the King of DENMARK, it is exceeding its power, and that an execution to enforce the Diet's decision on this point would be a great abuse of authority. He further informs the Diet that England would not recognise this execution if made as a proceeding within the exclusive cognizance of the Federation, but would treat it as a wrong done to Denmark. Nor is Germany to suppose that England would see this wrong without attempting to redress it. Her MAJESTY's Government could not remain indifferent; and the Germans therefore know exactly what they have to expect, and are entreated to refer the matter to arbitration. We may be sure that nothing would give Earl RUSSELL personally more sincere pleasure than to fulfil the task of mediation. He would be most happy to devise a Constitution for Denmark, giving Holstein complete independence, but keeping it in proper subjection to Denmark; he would settle beyond all future controversy the proper number of Danish sermons to be preached in Schleswig; and he might possibly squeeze in somewhere his Senate with votes for Lauenburg, on the model of Rhode Island. At any rate, for the present he has done wisely by assuming the very decisive attitude in which he has now presented himself; and although we do not feel quite sure that the threat of a Federal execution will wholly vanish in air, and that some approach to it may not be made which may satisfy the very moderate ambition of Germany, yet, in the long run, peace, we may hope, will be maintained, and the threats of England will have the effect intended. That mediation will be the end of the squabble may be easily guessed, although it is not exactly obvious at what point, or in what way, the authorities of the Federation can retire from the contest without incurring too odious a degree of public shame.

It is not Earl RUSSELL's fault that he found himself under the necessity of taking, within half a page, two contradictory views of the position of the KING as DUKE of HOLSTEIN. On the one hand, he laid it down as in accordance with the sound doctrines of constitutional law that the DUKE ought not to be permitted to tax the Holsteiners without the consent of their representatives; and if the execution had been merely intended to enforce so wholesome a doctrine, he would not have had a word to say against it. On the other hand, he explained that Holstein could never be expected to have any independence which would determine the policy of the whole Danish monarchy. But it is obvious that, if the KING wished to go to war, and the Holsteiners refused to pay their portion of the expenses, they might virtually determine what the policy of the whole monarchy shall be. The difficulty is exactly the same as that which causes the estrangement of Austria and Hungary, and we do not see how any ingenuity can surmount the embarrassment, unless one side or the other gives, or is forced to give, way. Diplomacy, if it can, must find some escape out of this entanglement; and as the Federal Diet has a legal claim to exercise jurisdiction in Holstein and as the Schleswigers have some real wrongs to complain of, diplomacy may be quite right in extorting any concessions from Denmark that are practicable. The substantial gain from the contest of words, if actual war does not take place, will probably rest with Denmark. For she will have successfully resisted the claim of the Diet to interfere in Schleswig under cover of protecting the constitutional rights of Holstein. And this is unquestionably a great advantage to Denmark; and the courage and firmness she has now shown will give her increased confidence when the time comes for negotiations. But, at the same time, it would be a great mis-



take to encourage Denmark to provoke a breach of the peace; and the ostentatious preparations for war now going on at Copenhagen might stir the anger of a less placable and long-suffering nation than the Germans. The Swedish Parliament may, therefore, have acted wisely in declining, for the present, to accept the treaty of offensive and defensive alliance with Denmark. If war really broke out, the treaty might be signed at once; but while peace still lasts, prospective belligerent alliances might be apt to light the flame of war before its time. The counsels of France and Russia to the Cabinet of Copenhagen, recommending as peaceable an attitude as possible, are therefore very reasonable. We are quite willing to use force to prevent Denmark being wronged; but we have no notion of letting her use us to get her own way in everything, or of permitting her to drag us into war, if war can be avoided.

#### GREECE.

IF the young KING of the GREEKS visits England five years hence, his reception will indicate with considerable accuracy his fitness for the duties which he has been appointed to fulfil. As he was selected for the Greek throne by the English Government, the country will sympathize with his success, and in some degree it may hold itself responsible for his possible failure. It would have, in some respects, been more satisfactory to obtain a candidate of tried ability; but the ORLEANS Princes are Roman Catholics, and their nomination would have been distasteful to the Emperor of the FRENCH. King FERDINAND of Portugal and the Duke of SAXE-COBURG were unwilling to engage in the enterprise; and it only remained to find a promising scion of a Protestant royal stock, young enough to acclimatize himself in his new country, and yet possessing an hereditary right to the love of order and veracity which is found to flourish best in North-Western Europe. The demand for unemployed princes is an odd peculiarity of the present state of the world. Constitutional or limited monarchy has become fashionable through the example of England, and the more or less faithful imitations which have been practised in several parts of the Continent. The Archduke MAXIMILIAN is bound to the West, while Prince GEORGE of Denmark is on his way to occupy a less disputed throne in the East. If Poland were independent to-morrow, it would prefer a French or Italian prince to any native leader; nor is it improbable that, if the Mexican experiment succeeds, the South American republics may constitute themselves into kingdoms under European rulers of royal blood. In ancient Greece, the oracle of Delphi often assured intending colonists that their prosperity depended on accepting the guidance of a founder descended from HERCULES or from some local hero. If disappointment nevertheless ensued, it was generally possible to discover some latent ambiguity in the Divine response. The three Protecting Powers mistook the purposes of destiny when they appointed OTHO of Bavaria to the throne of Greece, and there is reasonable ground to hope that their second venture may be more favoured by fortune. King GEORGE has probably better abilities than his predecessor; he is not likely to be priest-ridden; and he belongs to a generation which has the advantage of unparalleled political experience. One practical rule of conduct will consist in the resolution to adopt on all occasions a course precisely opposite to the conduct of OTHO under similar circumstances. In the Ionian dominions which he brings as his appanage to his subjects of the mainland, he may learn, from the troubles of English High Commissioners, that it is useless to court professional demagogues; and, from the general contentment of the people, he may infer that good government and financial regularity are not inapplicable even to a Greek population.

It would have been better to assume the territorial title of King of GREECE than to affect the roving chieftainship which may be supposed to appertain to a King of the Greeks. If fortune should hereafter enable the young KING to extend his dominions, or should even place him on the throne of Constantinople, it would be easy to modify the royal style in accordance with altered circumstances. When the Doges of Genoa assumed what GRIMM calls the singular and accurate title of Dukes of three-eighths of the Roman Empire, they effectually impressed their neighbours and rivals with a sense of the territorial power of the Republic; but the King of all the Greeks who are scattered about the Levant is, beyond the narrow limits of the modern Kingdom, something less than a Pretender. Respectable fictions have always been deposited by extinct facts, as when GEORGE III. claimed to be King of France, and when the ancestors of VICTOR EMMANUEL wore the imaginary crowns of

Cyprus and Jerusalem. The KING of the GREEKS represents only the vague aspirations of a race which is almost as much a sect as a nation. His subjects proved, in the war of independence, that they were not deficient in courage, but neither their numbers nor their organization qualify them for the part of a conquering people. The Kings of the Franks or of the Huns were lords of all the territory which they might subdue or occupy. The first Emperor of the FRENCH, although he ultimately borrowed the form of his title from the German Emperor of the ROMANS, had at one time intended to call himself Emperor of GAUL, as it was thought expedient to avoid any verbal connexion with the former monarchy of France. The Greeks may possibly, at some future time, become the dominant race of South-Eastern Europe; but even if the Turkish supremacy were overthrown, the Slavonic populations of the Danube would claim their share of the vacant inheritance. The troublesome province of Servia is nearly as populous as the Kingdom of Greece, and its inhabitants are probably more warlike, though they may be inferior in intellectual and commercial capacity. Although King GEORGE may be welcomed by the Greeks as their future leader in the struggle for empire, it will be one of his first duties to disband or reduce the useless little army which has lately displayed its valour in the streets of the capital. The most expensive of King OTHO's follies was a staff of generals and officers utterly disproportionate in numbers to his few undisciplined and mutinous regiments. A little kingdom without roads, in urgent want of a rural police, can neither afford nor advantageously employ a standing army.

The sanguine dreams of the Greeks would concern England and Europe but remotely if the project of reviving the Byzantine Empire were to be realised by their own unassisted energies. It is only as an instrument of Russian ambition that Greece could become seriously troublesome. The young KING has lately paid a not unbecoming compliment to one of the protecting Courts, by visiting the Emperor ALEXANDER at Czarko-Seloe. The Imperial Government took the opportunity to publish an official explanation of the relations between Russia and Greece. The great Orthodox Power of the East professes to regard with friendly complacency the prosperity and independence of its co-religionists of Greece. In the West, the self-styled eldest son of the Roman Church has also proclaimed himself the natural head of the Latin race. The Emperor of RUSSIA may, with fuller right, regard himself as eldest son or principal potentate of the confession which he patronises and controls; and, by an easy confusion of ecclesiastical and ethnological distinctions, he may regard himself also as the legitimate chief of the Greeks. The Emperor NICHOLAS declared, with imprudent candour, that he would never allow a powerful Christian State to take the place of the Ottoman dynasty; but as long as the Greeks are merely vexatious neighbours to Turkey, they may probably count on the favour of Russia. A year ago, they seemed to have learnt, from the experience of 1854, that it was not the interest of the dwarf to join the giant in crusading expeditions. The spontaneous election of Prince ALFRED, and the subsequent acceptance of several candidates nominated by the English Government, involved a renunciation of the traditional allegiance to Russia. Intelligent Greeks cannot but be aware that the subjugation of Turkey would reduce their own country to a mere dependency; and they have wisely preferred an alliance with a Government which, while it wishes them well, desires above all things to maintain the balance of power as the best security for the peace of the world. Although Roman Catholic proselytism is felt to be intolerable, a religion of a neutral tint was preferred to a close connexion with the official Church of Moscow. Except in their aversion to Latin innovations, the Greeks are not fanatically sectarian. The clergy have had little to do with the intrigues and disturbances which make up the history of the inglorious reign of OTHO.

There cannot be a doubt that, even for purposes of national aggrandizement, it is the first interest of Greece to become the model kingdom of the East. The territory, including the Ionian Islands, is by no means inconsiderable in extent, and it includes a vast range of sea-coast inhabited in some parts by a population of maritime tastes and aptitudes. A very poor and very thinly-peopled country suggests the necessity and possibility of material improvement; and if the KING will make roads and hang robbers, he will find that the wealth of his subjects will rapidly increase. With all their numerous defects of character, the Greeks fully appreciate two of the main conditions of national prosperity. They have a faculty of making money by trade, and they have a genuine love of education. As their habits become more settled, it is not impossible that they may gradually become peaceable,

honest, and orderly; and when the credit of the kingdom is re-established, and its population is steadily increasing, diplomacy will perhaps, for the first time, see a possible alternative for the decaying power of the Ottomans. The King of PIEDMONT became King of ITALY because his patrimonial States were free at home and independent abroad, while all the neighbouring provinces were ruled by the satellites of a foreign Court. If Greece were visibly prospering under intelligent government, the contrast with the corruption and irregularity of Turkish administration would probably lead to political changes. For the present, Christian Greece is behind Mahometan Egypt in material civilization. It is uncertain whether a foreign Prince will be able to achieve the task in which his predecessor signally failed; and for some years a novice, who has scarcely attained manhood, must necessarily rely on the judgment of his advisers. In course of time, with good judgment and good luck, King GEORGE may fairly hope to witness and to promote the advancement of a nation which is at least not dead nor asleep. King OTTO habitually discountenanced liberty and tolerated licence. His successor will find it expedient to invert the system

#### ROLICKING STATESMANSHIP.

THE election for Tamworth undoubtedly has its disagreeable side when looked at from a Ministerial point of view. It was intended as a mortification for Sir ROBERT PEEL, and it has probably carried out its intention. As no such symptoms of discontent ever manifested themselves before he entered upon his present office, it is probable that it is to his performances as a statesman, rather than as a landlord, that his faithful constituency take objection. His position as a statesman is very peculiar. He does not occupy his seat upon the Treasury Bench as the representative of any school of opinion, for no other thinker is nimble enough to follow in the course of so brilliant but so wandering a light. Nor has he been so selected for his utility in debate, for he rarely opens his mouth without exasperating into rebellion some supporter of the Government to which he belongs. He sits by the more secure title of Lord PALMERSTON's peculiar favourite. According to the rumours that universally prevailed, his admission to the Ministry was resisted by all the other members of the Cabinet, and was effected by the potent voice of the PRIME MINISTER alone. And Sir ROBERT PEEL has done his best to prove himself worthy of this distinction. He always acts and speaks as though he bore no allegiance except to his patron, and makes a point of ignoring the other Ministers altogether. He proclaims a fixed policy of No Surrender upon the question of the Irish Church, not in the name of the Government, but in the name of "himself and his noble friend;" and he fights the battle at Tamworth, not for the Government of which he is a member, but only for Lord PALMERSTON.

But Sir ROBERT PEEL is not only a faithful adherent of the PRIME MINISTER; he is a disciple, in the strictest sense of the word. He believes that Lord PALMERSTON has discovered the secret of popularity and power, and he sets himself to work to follow as closely as he can in the footsteps which have led to an eminence so lofty. There are several different theories current as to the right explanation of Lord PALMERSTON's success. Some attribute it to his having faithfully represented an unconscious hypocrisy on the part of the nation, which likes to see at a distance the triumph of ideas to which it is reluctant to bend its own neck at home. Others, among whom Lord RUSSELL is apparently to be numbered, account for it by the uncomplimentary suggestion that he is the living embodiment of a nation out of breath, which has with great labour struggled up one long hill, and has lost all heart for attempting a second. But a third and very popular hypothesis explains it all upon the muscular theory. It is not Lord PALMERSTON's brain, so much as his good digestion, and strong backbone, and unflagging animal spirits, that have recommended him to the nation. They like to see such a display of physical strength as that of a statesman who at the age of nearly eighty can ride out in a pelting rain, make twelve speeches in three days, and poke fun at his antagonists in the House of Commons with untiring gaiety at three o'clock in the morning. This is a very favourite hypothesis, especially with the more Conservative admirers of the aged Minister. It is evidently Sir ROBERT PEEL's theory, and in his mind it bears no impractical fruit. The arts by which his patron has climbed to fame are not only a study to be admired, but an example to be followed. Sir ROBERT has compared the muscular with the intellectual plan of statesmanship, and has come to the conclusion that the former is

at all events the best suited to his own natural gifts. Accordingly, he has devoted himself to the task of copying his great original, and has cultivated the rollicking style with some success. If it be true that in these days a considerable muscular development and a jaunty recklessness of manner are the true road to fame, it is highly probable that Sir ROBERT will be as great a man as his father. To be sure, the style is somewhat different. It is doubtful whether the late Sir ROBERT PEEL would have attempted to influence an election by knocking down the electors, or would have publicly exhorted his friends to "bonnet" the other side. And it is possible that, in those less advanced days, neither Sir ROBERT nor his friends would have been equal to the feats of muscular prowess which have shed so much glory on his son. But every age has its own way of looking at these matters, and it would be very unfair to measure one age by the standard of another. Muscular politics, like muscular Christianity, had not made their appearance in the days of the late Sir ROBERT PEEL.

At the same time, it must be admitted that the renown which his son is likely to win is still in the future. Though it is easy to see that there is in his conduct during the last two years great promise of the qualities which constitute political merit in our time, still he is at present a mere tyro in his art. His proceedings at Tamworth show that he is still far removed from a perfect comprehension of the secrets by which his great exemplar has succeeded. His practice is too violent. Good humour is essential to a rollicking politician. Lord PALMERSTON might possibly have given the order to bonnet the refractory elector; but at the same time he would have taken very good care that it was not obeyed. And he would never have knocked down a voter over a pail. Sir ROBERT PEEL has formed too ferocious a conception of his part. It is very likely that he has been misled by his greater familiarity with the habits of thought prevalent in the sister isle. A free use of the fist, still better of the shillelagh, would be quite in order in an Irish borough: and if Sir ROBERT PEEL, accompanied by his "bonneting" SANCHE PANZA, would make a pugilistic tour in Ireland on the occasion of the next general election, his athletic exertions might be of great service to his party. There is no fear that he would lose caste in either country by such an enterprise. The English are keen admirers of a manly violence of temper, so long as it is not vented upon themselves; and the Irish would only look on it as a natural mode of expressing his conscientious convictions. They have been so well accustomed to the use of the horse-whip, in the hands of their parish priests, that they have come to look upon a good licking as a species of ecclesiastical rite. But in an English borough such instruments of persuasion are unusual. Not that any compassion ought to be thrown away upon the elector who fell before the IRISH SECRETARY's impetuous arm. He has earned a title to distinction which falls to the lot of few men. Probably there is not another man in the three kingdoms who has been knocked down by a Privy Councillor in an election row—still less is there one who can boast of having afterwards broken his cane over the said Privy Councillor's back. The paths to fame are very various. One man was fêted in London because he had been shut up by a Chinese mandarin, and another because he had stood face to face with a gorilla. If the gentleman who was knocked down by Sir ROBERT PEEL, and afterwards caned him, would come up to town next February, we have no doubt he would be the lion of the season. Such a position really is a great rarity, and ought to be prized accordingly. Officials holding important offices, and trusted with a considerable share in the government of the United Kingdom, usually avoid pugilistic encounters with their political antagonists. The sons of illustrious statesmen, the bearers of a name which nations honour, are generally careful not to drag it through the mire. Powerful landowners ordinarily think that they owe it to their own dignity not to attempt to replace a waning influence by the intimidation of personal assaults. The victim of Sir ROBERT PEEL's violence—if such a term can be applied to so fortunate a man—has been in himself the subject-matter of a departure from all these sacred rules. It is a great honour to befall a man; for such an event is like the transit of Venus—it does not occur three times in a century.

It is to be hoped that the people of Tamworth will not resent too vehemently the vagaries of their erratic Lord of the Manor. They must remember that it is necessary that even the greatest characters should learn by experience, and that that experience must be gained at somebody's expense. Sir ROBERT PEEL is learning to be jaunty. It naturally takes



time; and a few blunders must be made in the course of his apprenticeship. Such blunders are the real education of a great man. Before next election, he will no doubt be considerably improved. He will have learned that bonneting his opponents and knocking them down over pails is too practical a form of jauntiness. Possibly he may have practised himself a little in jokes, and learned a pun or two; for at present his only efforts at fun consist of this rough horse-play, and it is impossible to be jaunty without jokes. Perhaps, too, he will have cultivated gallantry towards ladies, in which at present he is lamentably deficient. Amorous compliments to electors' wives are much more efficient weapons than menaces to electors. So acute an observer cannot have failed to notice how abundant a resource this has proved to Lord PALMERSTON in those moments of extreme need which befall a public man when he is called upon to speak at a public dinner. But it is the duty of the inhabitants of Tamworth to lend themselves to this training. They must not object to occasional bonnetings, or other exhibitions of muscular statesmanship, if such wayward frolics should seem to be a necessary part of the training of a jaunty politician. It will be an undying honour to them if they can contribute by their patience to provide a due succession of rollicking rulers, to carry on, whenever unhappily the need shall arise, the traditions of Lord PALMERSTON.

#### JAPAN.

THE British public will feel considerable regret and very great surprise to hear that we are at war with Prince SATSUMA, that Prince SATSUMA has had an engagement with a portion of our fleet, and that Prince SATSUMA has been victorious. Who, it may naturally be asked, is Prince SATSUMA, that he should do these things? It does not apparently give much explanation to hear that Prince SATSUMA is a Daimio, or local magnate of Japan; for the TYCOON is supposed to be the sovereign of Japan and of the Daimios in it, and we are not at war either with Japan or its TYCOON. We are, however, at war with one of his subjects, although we are very good friends with him. The fact is, that Prince SATSUMA is held to be answerable for the murder and ill-treatment of certain Englishmen who were lately trying their fortunes in Japan, and, as he is too strong for the TYCOON to punish, we have taken the matter in hand ourselves, and are endeavouring to bring him to do justice to us and submit to his own Sovereign. The regal power in Japan appears to be very faint and imperfect, and a large portion of the islands is in the hands of great chiefs, who do as they please in their own districts, hate foreigners with the hatred of a local magnate disturbed by new comers, and with that hatred intensified and justified by the traditions of Japan, and pay about as much respect to the authority of the TYCOON as the great barons of England paid to that of the feeble PLANTAGENETS. The consequence is a state of things which does not suit England. As Lord RUSSELL said in one of his recent despatches, "I confess I should see with pleasure the power of the Daimios reduced and that of the TYCOON increased." It is, in fact, very inconvenient to us that there should be this anarchy in Japan. We have obtained a treaty, and we want this treaty to be carried out; our merchants go to Japan to trade, and we want them to be protected; they get murdered or robbed there, and we want the criminals to be punished, and a salutary example to be made. But how are we to get what we want? The TYCOON has made the treaty, and is perhaps sincerely anxious to carry it out. He does not object to the coming of foreigners more than every Japanese must in his heart object to it. He would probably be as glad as Englishmen could be, if it were in his power, to bring powerful offenders to justice. But it is not in his power. His Daimios do as they like in their own territories, and Prince SATSUMA, as we have found to our cost, has a harbour of his own, lined with masked batteries. Therefore, if we want our treaty to be carried out, and if Englishmen in Japan are to be protected, we must do the TYCOON's work for him, and ourselves reduce his Daimios to submission. This is by no means a pleasant prospect. If we send a small naval force, the local magnate is too strong for us; if we are really to keep Japan in order for the benefit of the TYCOON, we shall have to send an overpowering naval force to Japan and keep it there.

If, however, what is going on in Japan stood by itself, it might, perhaps, not much matter. Prince SATSUMA, we may feel confident, is not a match for the whole British navy; and now that we know that he has masked batteries, we shall pay him the compliment of treating him as an offender great enough

to be demolished in a handsome and striking manner. But unfortunately Japan is only a miniature type of the East at large. It is strange to find how great was the general similarity in the position of the chief Eastern Empires at the moment when the civilization of the West came into close and effectual contact with them. Everywhere we have come upon an Empire that has once been great, but is now breaking to pieces, and only kept with extreme difficulty from immediate dissolution. The central power that once kept order, and inspired respect, has been found to be melting away, and in different forms there is everywhere the same threatening danger of a separation of more of the component parts from the main body. In Turkey, the Christian provinces are only restrained by the pressure of foreign Powers from trying to achieve their independence, and although the armies of the SULTAN are probably still strong enough to subdue the disaffected, yet the armies of the SULTAN owe their strength in a great measure to the support of those whose interest it is to see a central power maintained at Constantinople. In India, we elected ourselves the heirs of the tottering Mogul Empire, and gradually broke the resistance and seized the spoils of those great lieutenantcies which had reduced the splendour of the Delhi Monarchs to the shadow of a name. In China, a vast portion of the Southern territories of the Empire have been occupied by a rebellion which seems to have scarcely any other pretext or cause than the easiness with which it was effected. Finally, we have insisted on Japan receiving our traders and allowing them to show what smart things can be done in the exchange of bullion; and in Japan we meet with a TYCOON who signs treaties, and with lawless feudatories in command of private masked batteries, who set the treaty at defiance, and defy the British navy. And throughout the East, circumstances and the character of our intercourse have forced us to adopt the same policy. We want things to go on quietly, and trade to flourish under proper protection. Anarchy of any kind is disadvantageous to us. Therefore we help the central power and hate the rebels. Our FOREIGN SECRETARY sums up all the traditions of his office when he breathes the wish, apparently so strange, that there should be less local independence in Japan. The rights and wrongs of the Daimios, the Taepings, and the Syrian Christians are not very keenly felt by us, or very profoundly examined. We want a TYCOON that can carry out treaties, an Emperor who can make satisfactory arrangements at Peking for the trade of the Yellow River, a Sultan who can offer a decently quiet life to residents at Constantinople, maintain our telegraphic communication, and keep up the price of Turkish securities. And we do our best to bring about what we want. We offered the most strenuous resistance in our power to the creation of the independent Viceroyalty of Egypt; and although we had to see it established, we cut its wings very closely. We send guns, and rifled cannon, and our most enterprising naval commanders to help the EMPEROR to put down the Taepings; and now we shall probably relieve the TYCOON for a long time of any necessity to curb the insolence of Prince SATSUMA. It is this consistency and definiteness of policy that foreign critics stigmatize as egotistical. We look at the Eastern world solely from one point of view—that of traders in search of a settled Government; and if egotism means a practical pursuit of what are our private and special ends, perhaps we are a little egotistical.

It cannot be denied that there are many advantages in this policy of supporting the central power, and of doing our best to achieve security by putting down rebellion; but, on the other hand, there are many drawbacks to it. Its principal defence is that it is often almost impossible to say what we are to do if we do not adopt it. We have apparently to choose, in Japan, between not trading with the Japanese and making an example of some of the Daimios who interfere with the trade. It is useless to bully the TYCOON, for, however humble he may be made, he cannot prevent his Daimios robbing and murdering; whereas, if we made an example of Prince SATSUMA, he and his friends might conceive a wholesome fear of us. If the Taepings will not let trade take its course, and we are determined to have a flourishing trade with China, we naturally think how we can put the Taepings down. Nor does it seem a very expensive way of gaining our end to lend the EMPEROR a naval adventurer at a good salary. But there is something quite terrible in the unending vista of responsibility which we are thus accepting. England is becoming a sort of universal Mayor of the Palace to the monarchs of the East. There are said to be seven hundred and fifty millions of Asiatics, and England at this moment is engaged in ruling or in actively supporting the rulers of nearly four-fifths of this number. This is a

vast tax on our energy and resources, and the worst is that we, nowhere, except in India, have the field to ourselves. If it suits English interests to keep up the central power everywhere, and English adventurers are readily engaged to see that this power is supported, other nations may wish for a different issue of these Eastern quarrels, and other adventurers may take the opposite side. Recent accounts from China have described how one of our adventurers was doing wonders against the Taipings, and had taken a city with a strange name, and seemed to have all clear before him, when an American adventurer chose to espouse the cause of the Taipings, and restored the balance of fortune. If Prince SATSUMA made friends with some roving American or Russian crew, there would be nothing to be said except that he was very wise in his generation. It might even suit some of our rivals or enemies to take up a position in the East directly antagonistic to ours, and avow themselves generally as the friends of Oriental rebellion. Even the countrymen of Mr. SUMNER might look with indulgence on the unnatural crime of rebellion against Tycoons or Emperors, if England was the friend of the authorities. The prospect, therefore, of what lies before us in the East is not very encouraging; and yet we do not know that more can be done than to implore the Foreign Office to keep as much out of Oriental wars as possible, and to impress on wandering Englishmen that their country cannot always extricate them from troubles, or avenge them for wrongs, which they have brought on themselves.

#### AMERICA.

THE most tolerant Englishmen, though they belong to the most peaceable and long-suffering of nations, are sometimes almost provoked into retaliation on their unwearied American assailants. One ingenious form of hostility which has been lately devised in Boston or New York is especially tempting to imitators. Some patriotic wiseacre has discovered that none of the popular English authors have expressed their sympathy with the struggles of the best Government yet established on earth against the most unnatural of rebellions. Sir E. LYTTON, Mr. THACKERAY, and Mr. DICKENS are angrily reminded that they have had millions of American readers, and they are threatened with a literary excommunication which will prohibit any future reprint of their works beyond the Atlantic. It would be as judicious a step on the part of poulterers to threaten game preservers that they would never again buy a pheasant from a poacher. The cessation of piracy is perhaps not a compliment to legitimate merchantmen, but it can scarcely be called an injury. If American publishers cease to plunder English authors, the value of copyrights will be considerably increased. Those who have no personal interest in literary property would gladly impose a similar blockade, not on American books, but on American newspapers and news. It is a tedious duty to follow the interminable and almost unintelligible controversies which obscure the meaning of the present contest, while they scarcely influence its fortunes. The Federalists scold more loudly than Homeric heroes, even when they fail to hurl their darts with equal vigour; and, not content with vituperating "rebel slavemongers," they are constantly turning round on unoffending bystanders. It would be a convenience if the Republican sentiment towards the Confederates were summed up, once for all, in the pious compendium of a preacher who is popular under the name of Parson BROWNLOW. "My motto," says this reverend person, "is Greek fire for the rebel masses and hell fire for 'the rebel leaders.'" Mr. HENRY WARD BEECHER and Mr. SUMNER could supply anathemas as comprehensive, if somewhat less coarse, against the not less hated English nation. When General WALBRIDGE, who is a Republican leader at New York, publicly invites Russian officers to go to war with England, the variety in the form of rudeness excites no additional interest.

The military operations deserve a respectful attention which is by no means due to the verbal or political element in the quarrel. The war has been conducted on a gigantic scale, and the present crisis may perhaps be decisive of its future course. It is unsatisfactory, however, to discuss conjectural events, especially as a victory or a failure on either side may disconcert the most plausible predictions. There is reason to believe that the pending campaign in Tennessee is the most important since the beginning of the war, and both the belligerents seem to be aware of the great results to which it may lead. The mountain country which separates Virginia and the Carolinas from the Central and Western States penetrates the heart of the Confederate territory. In a certain sense, the

armies of the Potomac and the Mississippi may be called the wings of the Federal line, while ROSENCRANZ is pushing directly against the enemy's centre. A strong political interest also belongs to the conquest of the hill region of Tennessee, because the climate and crops are unsuited to slave-labour, and consequently it is supposed that the inhabitants may be exceptionally favourable to the Union. The assertions of journalists and orators, that Eastern Tennessee is enthusiastically Northern, may be dismissed as absolutely worthless. It is certainly not the case that loyalty to the Confederate cause is co-extensive with a material interest in negro labour, for Maryland, in which slavery was gradually becoming extinct, is devotedly attached to the South. On the other hand, the inhabitants of Western Virginia, which is continuous with Eastern Tennessee, have perpetrated an act which the majority of their fellow-citizens regard as an unnatural rebellion, by joining the Union as an independent State. If ROSENCRANZ can maintain himself at Chattanooga, while BURNSIDE or HOOKER holds Cumberland Gap, it seems not improbable that Federal authority may be permanently established along the whole mountain district. The battle of Chicamauga gave the Confederates reasonable ground for hoping that the invaders would once more be baffled, as in the autumn of 1862. The South, however, nervously watches for the results of the victory, not without fear that BRAGG may be unable to secure the harvest which he has reaped.

Notwithstanding the increasing difficulty of recruiting the army, the Federal Government must certainly have reinforcements at its disposal sufficient for the urgent wants of ROSENCRANZ. A great part of the force on the Mississippi may be spared for the moment, as no considerable Confederate army is at present operating in the West. It would be as easy to withdraw twenty thousand men from the Virginian frontier to restore the balance of fortune in Tennessee, as to despatch double the number to enforce the conscription in New York. Even the new levies are partly composed of discharged soldiers who would be available for immediate service if they joined the regiments in the field. On the whole, it is not unlikely that the army under ROSENCRANZ may soon be raised to more than its former numbers, if only the reinforcements can make their way to the place of their destination. If BRAGG stays to threaten or besiege Chattanooga from the South, the Federal troops will be strong enough to overbear all the resistance which may impede their junction with the main army. It seems, therefore, probable that the Confederates will trust to the inability of the enemy after his defeat to advance into Georgia, and that, passing by Chattanooga, they may throw themselves at once on his communications. As the stores at Chattanooga were destroyed before the place was evacuated by the Confederate army, ROSENCRANZ cannot have provisions or resources with which he could maintain a prolonged defence. If he is largely reinforced, he will be able to keep open his line of retreat, and probably he will in that case hold his present position during the winter; but, left to himself, he must cut his way back to Nashville as the only alternative of a surrender. His army is said to be well disciplined, though part of it fought badly at Chicamauga; and as its wants were amply supplied during the advance, the men are probably in good condition and health. There is comparatively little risk of straggling in a country where Federal soldiers are by no means likely to meet with a hospitable reception. If ROSENCRANZ is forced to abandon his enterprise, he will probably not be prevented from accomplishing his retreat.

The interest of the Northern population has been not unnaturally diverted from the siege of Charleston. Day after day passes without any tidings more definite than that General GILMORE is completing his batteries, and that the iron-clad squadron is prevented from acting by the violence of the weather. The difficulty of the undertaking is more fully understood than at first, but the general confidence in ultimate success appears to be unshaken. It is impossible to judge at a distance how far the popular expectation is justified. The besiegers have an inexhaustible supply of artillery and ammunition, and on Morris's Island they have proved that their force was too strong for the defence. It has, however, been repeatedly observed that an attack on a place which is not invested is subject to few of the conditions of a siege. A beleaguered fortress necessarily surrenders in time unless it is relieved, or unless the siege is voluntarily raised. But at Charleston the garrison and the armaments may be augmented or renewed at pleasure; and, in fact, the number of BEAUREGARD's troops is wholly unknown to the assailants. The prolongation of the siege probably involves heavy losses by disease, and, if an assault is finally delivered, General GILMORE may find himself at the decisive moment overwhelmed



by superior numbers. As it seems certain that the town will not be surrendered until it is absolutely taken, a mere bombardment, though it may gratify popular feeling, will have no practical effect. New Orleans submitted without a struggle, because the Federal flotilla commanded the town, and might with impunity have destroyed its unarmed population. Charleston is better suited for the part of Saragossa, and the will to defend the place to the last appears not to be wanting. The siege has lasted during the normal period of ninety days, and even if it is brought to a successful termination before the winter, Mr. SEWARD will still have to effect more than one renewal of his well-known obligation.

#### THE MAORI RISING.

THE criminal folly of Governor BROWNE has borne its natural fruit, and we are in the midst of a bloody Maori war. It seems but too probable that both we and the Maoris shall be compelled to pay a fearful price for the act of injustice by which these troubles were commenced. It was a sad misfortune that, at the most difficult moment in the history of our relations with these savage tribes, the conduct of affairs should have been in the hands of a man so little equal to the difficulties of his post. The passage of a race of warlike barbarians to a condition of peaceful civilization is necessarily a critical period. There are many influences to provoke them to disaffection. Their chiefs cannot bear to part with their old authority. They themselves cannot see without a pang of wounded national pride their lands gradually absorbed by an alien race, whose power and wealth throw them into an inferior position. At such a time it is incumbent upon the new Government to exercise the most anxious vigilance that no substantial cause of discontent shall mingle with these sentimental regrets. Such a time it was that Governor BROWNE chose for cutting the issues of a disputed title to landed property with the sword. The effect upon the native mind was violent and irremediable. The enforcement of TEIRA's disputed title, by marching a troop of soldiers on to the land in question, was in effect a notice to all the tribes in the island that they held their land by favour, not by right, and that they might be dispossessed of it at any moment, not by the judgment of a tribunal, but by the simple fiat of the Governor alone. Such an impression, once conveyed, can naturally never be effaced. All subsequent efforts at conciliation were looked on by the natives merely as evidences that, in the judgment of the English Government, the moment for spoliation had not yet come, and that the inevitable struggle was to be delayed by stratagem until the Maoris were a little weaker and the English a little stronger. With such feelings, they were naturally inaccessible to all Sir GEORGE GREY's attempts at conciliation. They looked on them as part of a deep-laid plan of extermination, which they could only foil by precipitating the conflict. We cannot regret that those attempts were made; for they were becoming alike to the stronger race in its dealings with the weaker, and to the race which had done the first wrong in its bearing towards those whom it had wronged. But they have failed, and failed probably for ever. What the causes are which have brought the contest upon us just at this moment is still unexplained. But the contest is one which it was hardly possible, the first great mistake having once been made, that any judgment or any patience could have averted.

These, however, are considerations which belong to past history. The two races are plunged into war, and reflections upon the mode in which the war arose can have no influence upon the mode in which it must be conducted. Be the cause of quarrel what it may, the issue must be the domination of one race and the subjection of the other; and the whole care of the Government must be devoted to ensuring that that end shall be attained as speedily as possible. A timely display of vigour may deter some of the tribes which have not yet joined the rebellion from taking up arms, and at all events will arrest the growth of that ineradicable animosity of race which a chronic border warfare is certain to engender. At present little seems to have been done, for want of means. The troops have been successful wherever they have met the enemy in the open field, but successes of that kind form but a small advance towards an ultimate triumph. The Maoris are aware of their weakness, and appear to have betaken themselves to a forest warfare, avoiding any direct encounter with our troops. The nature of the country is very favourable for operations of this kind. The forests are almost impenetrable, and the interior of the

island is very mountainous. In such a country it is impossible that troops can manœuvre, or act in masses at all. They would only present a good mark to native sharpshooters lying safely concealed in the brushwood. It is very probable that our forces may be able to destroy a considerable number of the stockaded villages in which the natives live; but their resources do not depend upon the possession of such defences. Thoroughly acquainted with the country, and secretly aided by natives who are nominally friendly to us, they might maintain a resistance for a considerable time after all their principal paha were in our hands. They must be subjugated by combatants fighting in their own fashion. In other words, if the war last and become a general war between the white and the coloured man, it will almost necessarily lose the character of a civilized conflict, and become a war of extermination. Already the Europeans are calling upon the Government to allow the whites in any district to form themselves into a "corps of forest-rangers to scour the woods in their immediate neighbourhood, and allow no native to exist within their district." In fact, the whites are to fight the natives with their own weapons and according to their own laws of war. Every able-bodied male of each race is to creep into the woods and pick off any other of the opposite race he can see. The war will become a continuous system of mutual man-stalking on a large scale. It is probable that in this way, the whites, with greater numbers, more ammunition, better weapons, and the support of the troops in the open country, will in course of time reduce their antagonists to an insignificant remnant. But the cost will be a fearful one to the colony. So long as the contest lasts, the loss is all on the side of the English settler. The native is merely reduced to that condition of constant warfare in which it was his pleasure to live before ever a white man showed his face in the country. The colonists, on the other hand, are ruined. Their trade is crippled, their farms are wasted, the capital they have sunk is thrown away, and the emigration upon which their settlements depend for their prosperity is diverted to other lands. A back-woods warfare, such as is now proposed, may secure them an ultimate triumph; but it is a triumph that will leave behind it nothing but a number of decaying settlements, inhabited by a half-barbarized population of marauders. The demoralization of irregular war progresses rapidly, when it has once begun; and it will leave a mark upon the character of the colonists which it may require the lapse of many generations to efface.

In the interests, then, of humanity to the natives, not less than for the sake of the future well-being of the colony, it is to be hoped that the Government will show neither tardiness nor parsimony in the steps they take at this juncture. A rapid and imposing display of force may terrify the natives into submission before a sufficient number of them are implicated to give the fearful character of a war of races to the struggle. A liberal expenditure at this moment may save the necessity of a tenfold outlay later. The thorny question of Imperial liabilities and local obligations must be settled afterwards. The vigorous conduct of this war to an early issue will be an important step towards placing the colonial relations with the Mother-country upon their right footing. When we have fairly crushed out the danger which the errors of the Imperial representative have created, we shall be in a position, without injustice or discredit, to insist that for the future the colonists shall have the unrestricted management of their own affairs, and shall bear the costs of their own blunders. They are not free from blame in regard to the particular act of oppression from which these troubles take their rise; in fact, it was chiefly the pressure of their importunity which hurried the weak and incapable Governor into the policy of violence which he adopted. But the moment of danger like the present is not the moment in which such matters should be remembered.

#### MR. BEECHER AT MANCHESTER.

IF we were to admit that every one of the assertions made by Mr. BEECHER in his recent speech at Manchester represented facts, we should still be as far as ever from accepting his practical conclusion. That conclusion is, that we in England ought to adopt the cause of the North, and assist it with all our influence, moral if not material; and further, that we ought not only to discountenance the Southern Confederacy in word and deed, but that we ought never to have recognised the present civil war as even existing. We ought, he tells us, to refuse not only sympathy and fellowship, but

even the commonest formal courtesies, to a rebellion which is founded upon sin, whose cause and parentage is that of the Devil, which is Anti-Christian, which gives a lie to the face of the SAVIOUR, and attempts to undo the work of Gethsemane and Calvary. Suppose that we were to admit—which it is needless to say we do not admit—that Mr. LINCOLN sought and obtained the Presidentship in the purest spirit of Abolition; that the whole North, as one man, never had any other aim or object than that of putting an end to negro slavery; and that the one consistent purpose of the Southern statesmen who have for so many years had the control of the Union was to extend the slave area. And let it further be admitted, for the sake of argument, that all the bad language used in times past towards this country was instigated, and indeed employed, by the South alone, and that at the present moment throughout the Northern States there exist only the kindest feelings, and even the elements of a popular enthusiasm, for the negro. What then? We may admire the sublime cause of the North, and we may abhor the detested principle of the South; but then we do not entirely approve the Northern fashion of preaching the gospel of liberty. The Southern may be all that Mr. BEECHER chooses to describe them; but, then, all that we feel about them is, that they might be left alone in their wickedness. If they are to go to the Devil, let them go to the Devil their own way. They may have a very bad cause at bottom; but it is their cause, and we see no reason why they should be taught the better way by fire and sword, or by the tender mercies of "Greek fire" for the population and Hell fire for the leaders," as another preacher of the meek and Christian doctrine of extermination of sinners expresses it. What is really at the bottom of our difference with Mr. BEECHER is this—that he and we entertain fundamentally opposite notions of civil liberty. We hold that it is right to allow a man perfect liberty of thought, not only when he is right, but also when he is wrong. This is precisely what a great many religious people can never understand. Here, in England, we allow great liberty of opinion, but then too many of us are also extremely anxious to persecute and repress all opinion which is wrong. We have the greatest horror of the Inquisition, and of the tyranny exercised over men's minds by a domineering priesthood; but then, in practice, many persons also deem it to be their duty to put down, in some way or other, opinions which they think are inconsistent with the truth. There is in the purest Evangelical and Dissenting coteries a spiritual tyranny exercised which is precisely the spirit of TORQUEMADA himself. Reduced to its first conception, Mr. BEECHER's vindication of the Northern cause might stand for the principle of the early Caliphs themselves. Theirs it was to march through the world with the dreadful alternative of the Koran or the sword; their mission was to bring all men to submit to the majesty of the truth, or to exterminate them. This, too, was what the Crusaders meant and professed.

This view of duty we have outgrown; but Mr. BEECHER has not. It is, perhaps, not so very wonderful that his political education is little in advance of the dark ages. New England was colonized by the Puritan Fathers, who left home and England in the cause of civil and religious liberty, and set up a tyranny over men's consciences which was to LAUD's even as the rule of REHOBOAM was to that of SOLOMON. Of course the Puritans, just like the Federals, had all the right and truth on their side. Sabbath observance was the right thing. Incontinence and drunkenness were terrible sins, just as slaveholding is. So the New England Puritans upheld theoretical liberty and practical tyranny by fine, imprisonment, and capital punishment; and their lineal descendants are at least consistent in carrying out the same policy. If it is the duty of the saints to compel all men, for the good of their souls, only to hold the truth, then of course the North is amply justified by the great principle which has always been pleaded by persecutors in every age. That principle has, of course, a great deal to say for itself. The mission of truth is to compel obedience. If we see a man falling over a precipice, we are justified in using the rudest means of saving him from his own sin, or madness, or folly, or carelessness. Only let Mr. BEECHER understand that this is his principle; and that, because we do not accept it, we are at issue with him. We do not, in our estimate of civil and religious liberty, hold that it is our duty either to propagate the truth or to put down error by the sword. The cause of the North may be the purest and holiest that ever animated the mind of man; and that of the South may be but an impersonation, as Mr. BEECHER says, of a doctrine of devils. But if the South wants to be separated from

the North—if the goats prefer their goatish habits and would dwell alone in the odour of goatishness—the sheep have no right to require that they should all dwell in the same fold. This is what we see and what Mr. BEECHER does not see. If it were to come to pass that the whole Neapolitan people with one voice invoked back the beloved BOURBONS, we should think them very foolish, very blind to their own interests, very great criminals, in preferring darkness to light; but we should have no sympathy whatever with VICTOR EMMANUEL if he were to ravage the whole Neapolitan States by BLENKERS, and BUTLERS, and TURCHINS, in order to force the Neapolitans to understand their own interests and duties. From all which it follows that, even though the Southerners were as black as Mr. BEECHER paints them, we should still hold that they had a right to be let alone, and to practise their sins as a separate, and, if Mr. BEECHER chooses to say so, an accursed people.

No doubt this is all very Sadducean. It ignores the eternal distinctions between right and wrong. It denies that it is the duty of a State to be God's minister, punishing the wrongdoer, vindicating and upholding the divine cause even by coercion and pains and penalties, and compelling its subjects to the practice of all that is good and true. But, after all, is not the vaunted doctrine of civil and religious liberty, at its core, Sadducean? What is it but to admit that, after all, truth and right are matters of private and personal judgment, that it must be left to higher than human intelligence to further and to vindicate their supremacy, and that political liberty consists in letting men govern themselves, or be governed, just as they please, in a wrong way as well as in a right way? What we see and what we sympathize with in the South is, not their slave-holding, not their oligarchy, not their persistent and "treasonable" manipulation of the American Constitution when their statesmen ruled the Union, not the Fugitive Slave Act, not Mr. BUCHANAN's treachery, nor Mr. Vice-President STEPHENS's "new lesson to Calvary." We make Mr. BEECHER a present of all these facts, if facts they be, and for the sake of peace and quietness we will not even demur to his monstrous assertion that the North "never taxed the Southern commerce." We will even accept his broad and sweeping statement of the whole Northern and Southern policy ever since North and South existed—namely, that "we, i.e. the North, were in the right cause; they in the wrong." But what we do like in the Southerners is their determination to stand or fall alone. We like their bold and honest determination to be a nation—a bad, wicked, and adulterous generation, if Mr. BEECHER pleases, but still a nation—a nation with bad institutions, tainted, as he thinks, with sin and immorality, and pledged to work wickedness, yet nevertheless representing the sacred cause of the struggling few against the many, and of personal liberty rebelling against foreign tyranny. Of course we do not accept Mr. BEECHER's rose-coloured account of Northern virtues. We know as well as he does that the Emancipation Proclamation is a mere political trick. We understand very distinctly that Abolitionism is a mere hollow after-thought, and that "the popular enthusiasm" for the nigger in New York is the most absurd fiction and romance. We also know that Legree is about as true a representative of a class as Shylock is. But, admitting it all, we must remind him that English sympathizers with the South are the only true exponents of the doctrine of political liberty. It is curious and instructive to observe that the strongest friends of the North are, in England, to be found mainly in two quarters. We find them, on the one hand, among the lower sections of the middle class—a class in which the real principles of civil and religious liberty are least known, and in which the name of liberality is prostituted to cover the coarsest tyranny of thought, and, on the other hand, among a very few of the highest upholders of ecclesiastical principles. It is natural enough for those who believe that, when truth is once settled, it is the duty of authority to compel obedience to it, to see in Mr. LINCOLN only the impersonation of legitimate power; and it is only consistent, again, in those who have found truth in Little Bethel or Bethesda, in the midst of a world lying in darkness, to persuade themselves that the world may be lawfully convulsed for a single dogma. But we have not so learned the doctrine of political liberty. We believe that it gives as well as takes; that, from the nature of the case, it must look as kindly on men when they are doctrinally wrong as when they are doctrinally right; and that, in a rebellion, it is wholly unprofitable to discuss the moral and political orthodoxy of a nation resolved to be free.



## LORD LYNTHURST.

OF many conspicuous men who have died during the present year, not one can be compared to Lord Lyndhurst in vigour of bodily and mental constitution. There was, perhaps, no department of human activity in which he would not have excelled. He was trained for the hereditary profession of a painter; he became eminent as a mathematician; and the scientific precision of his intellect might have made him eminent as a philosopher or historian, if severe study had been the readiest path to fame and fortune. It is perhaps doubtful whether he could ever have acquired the arts of a popular leader, although he made himself the organ and counsellor of a powerful aristocracy. If his lot had been cast in a different age and country, he might have found congenial exercise for his faculties as a Cardinal Minister of the order of Richelieu. As an English statesman, he has been fully appreciated and cordially admired, and he had the fortune to survive the bitter political enmities which he had provoked during his active career. Extraordinary longevity, unattended by decay, always commands a certain tenderness and respect; nor, indeed, could Lord Lyndhurst, at any period of his life, have been regarded with contempt. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that he never attained that undefinable eminence which is recognised as greatness. While he dominated by force of will and intellect over his rivals and opponents, he neither commanded a following in the country, nor sufficiently understood the conditions of real political influence. The Duke of Wellington, who shared many of his mistakes and failures, displayed on some occasions a higher sagacity in discerning the true current of opinion or of circumstances. Moreover, the Duke, though he was sometimes unpopular, could always be understood. His obstinacy and his pliability were visibly determined by public considerations, and consequently, even when he swam against the stream, his choice of a direction was respected. Lord Lyndhurst was less entirely exempt from the characteristics of an adventurer, and perhaps his deepest political conviction may have consisted in the belief that the ablest have a right to govern. From the remarkable memoir which has been contributed to the *Times* by some confidential ally of Mr. Disraeli, it appears that Lord Lyndhurst employed the future Conservative leader in the prosecution of an audacious intrigue for his own elevation to the Premiership. The project of shelving Sir Robert Peel, and of establishing a purely Tory Ministry within four or five years of the Reform Bill, was as chimerical as the imaginary exploits of Vivian Grey or Contarini Fleming. The revelations of the memoir may perhaps be completed by the not gratuitous conjecture that the destined leader of the House of Commons in the Lyndhurst Government was Sir William Follett, who resembled his proposed chief in ability, while he excelled him as an advocate. The belief that England could be governed by mere intellect, in utter disregard of political doctrines and of popular feelings, was one of the strangest delusions which have ever been combined with personal ambition. Mr. Disraeli himself became wiser when, in maturer years, he rose to be a principal in party combinations. Not less dispassionate nor less unprejudiced than his early patron and his fictitious heroes, he has known how to adopt the language of indispensable supporters, and to identify himself, at least in appearance, with the creed which was in want of a prophet or a preacher. Lord Lyndhurst was not one of those giants who know how to renew their strength by opportune contact with the earth.

For many years Lord Lyndhurst was allowed by general consent to exercise unusual licence in his political and official alliances. He was made Lord Chancellor by Mr. Canning, and he retained his seat under Lord Goderich, as the colleague of Lord Lansdowne, Lord Holland, and Mr. Tierney. When it became evident that a change of Ministry was impending, the Chancellor entered openly into negotiations with Lord Goderich's destined successor, and, with the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel, he was entrusted by the King with the formation of the new Government. When Mr. Huskisson, Lord Palmerston, and other friends of Canning, soon afterwards seceded from the Duke of Wellington's Administration, Lord Lyndhurst's continued tenure of office excited neither surprise nor censure. It was a matter of course that he should concur with his colleagues in assenting to Catholic Emancipation, which he had opposed without incurring any suspicion of bigotry. Even on the accession of Lord Grey to power, Lord Lyndhurst was exceptionally favoured by receiving the appointment of Chief Baron of the Exchequer. As he reserved his right of independent political action, he could not be accused of bad faith in his energetic resistance to the Reform Bill; but when Lord Brougham provided a dignified retreat for his predecessor on the woolsack, he can scarcely have anticipated that the Chief Baron would become the leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords.

During his long course of political activity, Lord Lyndhurst was perhaps never so thoroughly in earnest as in his persevering opposition to the great change in the representative system. His instincts were, as he proved in after years, by no means illiberal, and he was free from every species of fanaticism; but he utterly disbelieved the fitness of the multitude to govern, and, in common with most of his contemporaries, he underrated the conservative forces which were untouched by the Reform Bill. The acutest intellects often fall into the error of mistaking the arguments of hostile partisans for the intrinsic grounds of their doctrine, and it is impossible to exaggerate the absurdity and perversity of the

reasons which were often urged by enthusiastic Reformers. As a lawyer and a practical statesman, Lord Lyndhurst was largely tolerant of fictions. He knew that rotten boroughs were often convenient, although they were theoretically anomalous, and he despised the incapacity of the people to understand recondite apologies for paradoxical institutions. Wider sympathies would have taught him, that whatever is theoretically indefensible becomes untenable as soon as it is seriously attacked. If he had applied the same sceptical perspicacity to the controversy itself, he would have been less solicitous to defeat revolutionary tendencies which existed, not in the clauses of the Reform Bill, but in the speeches of its promoters. Somewhat earlier, Lord Lyndhurst had resisted just concessions to the Roman Catholics because O'Connell talked sedition, and because the Whigs believed that Popery had outlived its intolerant nature, and, indeed, that it was only kept alive in honourable antagonism to unjust persecution. In mistaking Lord Grey's Parliament for the Constituent Assembly or the Convention, Lord Lyndhurst was equally in the wrong, but throughout the great struggle he represented with consummate ability and courage the opinions of a large and respectable minority in the country. It was impossible to suppose that the opponents of the Reform Bill, notwithstanding the taunts of their triumphant opponents, were a selfish faction intriguing for power. The belief that the Constitution and the country were in imminent danger was at least as genuine as the confident expectation of the opposite party that a political millennium was about to commence.

The greatest error of Lord Lyndhurst's life was the determination to continue his thoroughgoing opposition when the great Reform contest was decided. Sir Robert Peel, with calm prescience, accepted the defeat, and determined to allow the constitutional change to produce its natural legislative consequences. Lord Lyndhurst only saw that the Conservative reaction became daily stronger, and he resented the timidity which shrank from profiting by the occasion. The extraordinary success of the short experiment which followed the dismissal of Lord Melbourne only confirmed the determination of Sir Robert Peel to wait for a secure Parliamentary majority before he returned to office. In the meantime, he was not unwilling that his adversaries should proceed with useful reforms of which he could himself determine the nature and the limits. Lord Lyndhurst fanned the dying popularity of Lord Melbourne's Government by assailing its Irish policy, by defeating its law reforms, and by opposing the Municipal Reform Bill. He ought to have perceived the imprudence of alienating the borough electors, who already controlled the House of Commons, by refusing to them the control of local interests and by perpetuating the petty oligarchies which they habitually detested. His success in his enterprise would alone have ensured the failure of the Ministry in which he hoped to assume the principal place. He probably thought that the accession of his party to power was a legitimate object, and that the occasion of victory was thrown away by the slackness of Sir Robert Peel. After the general election of 1841, in which the Whigs were hopelessly defeated, he perhaps discovered that his rival had been a better tactician than himself. From the time of his last accession to the office of Chancellor he acquiesced in the policy of his colleagues. With the Duke of Wellington he consented to remain in office during the repeal of the Corn-laws, but on the breaking up of the Ministry he allied himself with Lord Stanley, instead of joining the adherents of Sir Robert Peel. The Tory allies, however, to whom he had always inclined, often found that, if Lord Lyndhurst was essentially aristocratic in his leanings, he was wholly free from illiberal prejudices when he had no longer party objects to serve. When he was Chancellor he was one of the most active promoters of the Maynooth grant; he cordially supported the admission of the Jews to Parliament; and in questions of foreign policy he shamed his associates by his hearty sympathy with national independence and freedom. He was the friend of Italy and the advocate of Poland, and he denounced with authority the underhand spoliation of Savoy and of Nice.

His nervous and masculine eloquence deserved all the praises which it has received. No orator perhaps more uniformly impressed his audience with a sense of reserved intellectual power, as well as of perfect expression. Whether he was lashing his adversaries or merely propounding a legislative measure, he seemed to be above his subject. The versatile activity and profuse oratory of his most prominent competitor in the House of Lords appeared tawdry and inaccurate in comparison with Lord Lyndhurst's condensed and finished arguments. In his later years he seldom afforded a younger generation the opportunity of witnessing his polemic powers, but once or twice he chose, like Entellus, to pick up the abandoned *causus*, and to enjoy the consciousness of scarcely diminished vigour. Eight or nine years ago he defeated Lord Cranworth's attempt to create life-peersages at the mere will of a Ministry. In the course of the principal debate, after citing several cases, he asked his opponents to spare him the labour of going through the list by admitting that the remaining precedents were similar in effect. "I will allow it," said the Chancellor, "as to about half of them." "Half?" replied Lord Lyndhurst, "then you shall have them all;" and he completed his summary and his argument without referring to a note. His last assault on a Government was made when he denounced, on his eighty-eighth birthday, Mr. Gladstone's scheme for the relinquishment of the Paper Duty. His speech was as free from repetition or weakness as if it had been delivered by a man of fifty; and if physical infirmity had allowed,

Lord Lyndhurst would probably have been capable of a similar performance even a few weeks before his death. Throughout his career he displayed no intellectual weakness, but, with a somewhat greater inclination to enthusiasm, he might perhaps have been a still more considerable statesman.

#### AMERICAN GENIUS.

MR. HAWTHORNE has probably revealed to many English readers for the first time how completely Americans have taught themselves to consider America as something quite distinct from England, and to survey us as if they were foreigners. The differences which he insists on, and the American specialities on which he lays most stress, appear to us to be in some degree exaggerated, and the Americans seem in many respects to persuade themselves that they are a distinct and peculiar people, simply because it is more flattering that this should be so. Still we admit that there is something apart and recognisable which may not be improperly spoken of as American genius. There is something in the American mind, and in the American body, which is not English. They have a way of thinking of their own, and they have peculiarities of look and voice. The best Americans—and it is only of the best class that Mr. Hawthorne speaks—have specialities which are worth studying. Nor is it easy to find any one from whom these specially American traits may be gathered more readily than from Mr. Hawthorne himself. He appears to us to be the most original, and yet the most distinctly American, writer that America has produced. There are not many great writers of any sort in America, and of those that have attained some celebrity a large proportion are only the authors of works which, whatever may be their merits, make no pretence to great originality, and are merely successful performances of a creditable task. But Mr. Hawthorne, and a small number of lesser lights, enable us to see what America is at its best; and the general body of American literature, of the sort that is good in itself but not extraordinary, suggests how far the special qualities of the more prominent writers are reflected in the mass below them. It so happens, too, that we now have a means of judging American genius which we do not often have. An American actress is taking the leading part in a drama supposed to be particularly suited to her, and she is decidedly successful. She at least shows us what American women are when highly cultivated and carefully trained, and in possession of that kind of intellectual power which is the basis of vigorous declamation. Any one who has just read *Our Old Home*, and then goes to see Miss Bateman, will see that the Americans have a genius of their own, if you look very closely to find it.

The burden of Mr. Hawthorne's reflections is, that Americans are much more refined than the English. He is always remarking how beefy and heavy the men were that he saw here, and he alleges that Englishwomen are so much like their male relations as to have no pretensions to good looks. He even goes so far as to mourn in some degree over this American refinement, because he sees that it is scarcely the highest thing on earth, and yet is afraid lest a nation that is permitted to have it should be held to have enough and should not be endowed with other excellences. We generally think Englishwomen so pretty, and find them so much to our taste, that we can hardly at first understand what he means, and are inclined to think he is giving way to a silly prejudice. But if we go to the Adelphi and look at Miss Bateman, and at the numbers of unmistakably American faces gathered to witness her triumph, we begin to understand what he means, and even to admit that he is right. There is a clearness of complexion, a delicacy of feature, and a general neatness of *pose* and shape which at once attracts us; and then, if our minds wander from female faces and forms to the works of American men, we remember that there is something in American literature which answers to this grace and refinement of physical beauty. Mr. Hawthorne, especially, has a power of using graceful words, of calling up graceful images, and of investing common life with an air of refinement, which few authors have equalled. Whatever merits Mr. Longfellow may have are of the same sort. On the other hand, the sight of the pretty American faces on and off the stage at the Adelphi suggests the shortcomings which attend this refinement. The chief is a want of passion, and especially of the passions which make up love. Nothing can be more feeble than Miss Bateman in the love scenes. She looks pretty, and, so far, any one might fall in love with an original like her; but she is cold, wooden, and poor. There is no expansion, no fervour, no simplicity or demonstrativeness of affection. The American twang is so disagreeable to English ears that it necessarily interferes a good deal with tender scenes; but it is the manner, and the weakness of the face as an exponent of deep feeling, which, more than the twang, makes Miss Bateman's love scenes fall so dreadfully flat. Persons, however, who are not capable of passionate love may be capable of a considerable degree of hate—not, perhaps, of the finest and most tragic hate, but still of a great deal of bitter, angry feeling. The refinement which gives a wooden reception to a lover may be quite compatible with a sincere and intense ill-will to enemies. Miss Bateman rises, if not to tragic power, yet at least to successful art when she comes to the elaborate curse of her faithless lover which is the most effective part of the play in which she appears. And the spectator, whose eyes wander to the American faces watching her, can see even in the most refined some traces of that power of hatred which stirs the women of the North to

approve of the bloody miserable war in which their country is engaged, and sends female furies over the Union to lecture on behalf of more bloodshedding. It is impossible to despise the American type of mind or body, but it would be very hard to love it deeply. Even the purity in which Mr. Hawthorne asserts his country to be so superior to England is in some measure connected with the coldness, the unloveableness, and the want of passion of the American mind. Excellent as it is that a woman should be as pure as ice, we cannot in our hearts feel very devoted to one who, we are sure, could never love except exactly the right person, at the right time, and in the right degree.

The most marked quality of Americans, next to this cold refinement, is the want of intellectual power. No American ever thinks a thing out. There are no American metaphysicians, or theologians, or speculative philosophers. We are surprised how soon we get to the end of what Americans have to tell us. Even in Mr. Hawthorne's works there is always something vague and purposeless; and when he comes to the philosophy of history, we are astonished with what puerile generalities he is satisfied. He appears to believe that all States decay like human bodies—a fancy a thousand times examined in Europe, and subjected to those limitations which it must receive if it is not to be rejected altogether. But he accepts it altogether, and blindly, as if from a feeling that, if he abandoned it, he would be without any political philosophy at all. He then assumes that England has reached the point where decay has set in; and he is obliged to assume this, because otherwise there would be no means of applying the philosophy. In England we know this sort of reasoning of old. We are aware that it is the stock-in-trade of superficial and hasty thinkers. In theology, again, we might have expected the Americans to have shown power; for they have the starting-point of Protestantism without those social trammels which envelope Protestants in old countries. Nothing, however, can be feebler than their theology. It is either a muddle of Puritanism and inconsistent modern sentiment, like the theology of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, or, if of a higher type, it is a network of assumptions like the theology of Theodore Parker. And it is this absence of power which stamps the quality of Miss Bateman's performance as a tragedian. It is good in its way, but it is superficial. It is a meritorious declamation. And it is only necessary to recall, for an instant, the memories of Rachel or Grisi or Ristori, to understand that tragic art can go much beyond this, and that, when the power of passion and the power of intellect are combined in an expressive face and form, something may be produced to which Miss Bateman's acting never once approaches.

There is, again, in Americans a total absence of fun. The *Biglow Papers*, indeed, show that they have a grotesque kind of humour; but they have not a notion of that fun which takes an enjoyment and derives a spirit from the little things of existence, and delights even in a laugh against itself. The English have not got this fun, perhaps, quite so much as some other nations, but they have it to a degree so far above Americans that no distinction divides the two nations more. It seems almost absurd to picture an American as being "jolly." He could not take things lightly enough, or forget himself and his pretensions enough for joviality. And it would be very hazardous to say that this is immaterial, and that it does not make much difference whether a nation has fun in it or not. We do not mean that a nation cannot be great without the comic element in it, for the Jews appear to have been wholly without it, and the Romans very nearly so. But in all the nations of the modern world, where a great and original literature has been created, there has been a powerful comic element at work. And with our experience of the variety and richness of modern life, we can scarcely conceive any completeness and originality in a literature in which the comic element is so wanting as it is in American writings. These, then, are the characteristics, as it seems to us, of American genius—grace, delicacy, absence of passion, capability of a hatred short of the tragic sort, intellectual limitation, and deficiency in comic sensibility. It appears to us that most of these characteristics are closely connected with the history of the Northern States. We could find many a parallel in those classes of English society which present the nearest resemblance to Americans. A country town full of wealthy Dissenters is by no means unlike the society of the Northern States. The vigilance of sects over their members, and some of the higher qualities which a religious life even of the most narrow kind tends to foster, often produce a purity, and even a grace and refinement, which are unquestionable, though not of the type known to higher English society. There are many young Quakeresses, for example, who seem to have inherited the delicacy, and the gentleness, and the goodness of many generations of good women. But even if too English to be quite cold, these are not the women to have much passion, or to feel or show their feelings very heartily. The society found in a country town of this sort is, again, a ready, a shrewd, and an enterprising society, but it has nothing like real intellectual power, no appreciation of the difficulties and problems of life, no conception of what evidence is forthcoming or required in favour of opinions popular in the place; and it is generally without much sense of fun, and even tries to stifle what little of comic may be discovered in it. The Americans do not astonish us as much as they seem to expect they are going to astonish us, for we have people so like them at home. Nor are we in any way dazzled or captivated by the specialities of American genius, although we readily allow that the specialities exist and have merits of their own.



## SCOTCH MARRIAGES.

WE were not disappointed in our anticipation that the Social Science Congress would produce a remarkable debate on the Scotch Marriage Law. Most persons will remember reading the reports of the Yelverton case with a feeling of amazement that any Court should be able to administer, with becoming gravity, a law so startling as that which was laid down in the highly sentimental judgment which one of the judges delivered in favour of the interesting claimant of marriage rights; but neither on that nor on any other occasion have the principles which are said to lie at the root of the matrimonial law of Scotland been expounded or defended with so entire an absence of reserve as in the recent discussion at Edinburgh. Probably it was felt that at a Congress which claimed a scientific character it was essential to dive down to the essence of the practice which long custom has made tolerable in the eyes of many Scotchmen, and, as it would now seem, admirable in the estimation of some of that perverted race. Whatever may have been their motive, we have to thank Mr. Campbell Smith and Dr. Runciman for proclaiming the true theory of marriage north of the Tweed.

If the summary given in the *Times* is correct, Dr. Runciman "contended that concubinage inferred consent, quoting the Pentateuch and the canons of the Council of Nice to prove that this was the rule of the Mosaic law and of the primitive Church." Dr. Runciman was, doubtless, aware that the actual law of Scotland does not quite attain to the full height of his principle of the equivalence of concubinage and marriage; but both he and the enthusiastic Scottish advocate who introduced the subject seem to have felt that the law which they admired could not logically be defended on any ground less lofty than that supposed to have been taken by Moses and the early Fathers. The newspaper reports probably do scanty justice to the eloquent declamation of Mr. Campbell Smith, but his whole argument seems to have been a defence of the Scottish system on the ground of its near approximation to that "law of nature and Omnipotence," which Dr. Runciman formulated in such unmistakable terms. And it must be allowed that, if the actual exigencies of society are put altogether out of sight, and the subject is approached in a socially-scientific frame of mind, there is a great deal to be said on Mr. Smith's side of the question. The Papacy was always famous for the tact with which it absorbed and legitimated any irregular religious manifestations; and on the same principle it may be demonstrated, in a socially-scientific sense, that if every form of concubinage were included within the definition of marriage, the evil of irregular unions would at once be merged and suppressed. Mr. Smith takes a broad, if not a high view of human nature, and pronounces that the contract of marriage is seldom or never entered into deliberately, unless perhaps in the case of marriage for money, which, as he says, is a kind of sale. If he correctly records the experience of his countrymen, it would seem that in Scotland the consent which the law requires is almost always given "under the coercion of emotions and sentiments that more or less obscure the reason, and give wings to the impatience of passion." This impetuous mode of plunging into what passes for matrimony in Scotland is, according to Mr. Smith, not only universal, but desirable; and the cold-blooded Englishmen who imagine that so serious a contract should be entered into with more or less of deliberation are shortly disposed of as advocating a practice which is opposed to the law of nature, or, as Mr. Smith paraphrases it, the law of Omnipotence. The inference is triumphant, that for a human law to presume to require evidence of a consent given under the coercion of emotions which obscure the reason and supply the wings to which Mr. Smith refers, is to fly in the face of Omnipotence, and to run the risk of denying the validity of unions having all the divine sanction which the impulses of nature imply. This is a very outspoken argument, which it would be in vain to discuss with a gentleman whose experience is so different from that of our own portion of Great Britain. Most Englishmen who have gone through the process of getting married have found the preliminaries so deliberate as to be almost tiresome. If the law and the sentiment of Scotland were in accordance with the teaching of Mr. Smith, it would be the height of absurdity to dream of any assimilation between the two countries in this important matter. No Southerner is ever allowed to be right if he hazards an opinion on Scottish sentiment, and we must leave Mr. Smith to settle that part of the question with his compatriots; but there is some hope to be derived from the circumstance that the law of Scotland, whatever its defects, falls considerably short of the sweeping doctrines of Dr. Runciman and the enthusiastic Mr. Smith. The law, even in Scotland, does require proof of a matrimonial contract, and so far is in principle entirely in harmony with the law of England, and distinctly opposed to the theory of the social philosophers of Edinburgh. The sole complaint which Englishmen have to make is, that the extreme laxity of the evidence and presumptions which are supposed to establish the fact of a marriage contract in Scotland is such as, in practice, to reduce the law almost to the level of Mr. Smith's doctrines, and to lead to serious inconveniences, of which the Yelverton case is but one of many examples.

South of the Tweed, we think it desirable to know whether we are married or not, and it is one of the embarrassments of a tour in the Highlands that the victim may return in a pleasant state of ambiguity on the subject. Different views may be entertained as to the criminality of unconscious bigamy, but there can only

be one opinion as to the practical inconvenience of letting loose upon society a number of gentlemen who, though legally married, honestly believe themselves to be bachelors. It is quite true, as was observed in the course of the Edinburgh discussion, that all the stringency of the English law does not make bigamy impracticable, if a man is determined to be guilty of the crime; but it is something to say, in favour of our law, that it makes it quite impossible to commit the offence by accident. This the law of Scotland fails to do, and it is not necessary to question the soundness of Mr. Smith's ethics in order to arrive at the conclusion that such a law does not give to society the security which it has a right to demand. It would be altogether idle to urge any considerations, even of the highest expediency, in answer to philosophers who meet you by saying that the law of nature and Omnipotence have settled the question, and that the consequences, however embarrassing, must be patiently endured; but, wedded as they may be to their own forms of law, sober-minded Scotchmen can scarcely be blind to the fact that the whole question at issue is one not of principle, but simply of the expediency of certain judicial presumptions. It is the law of Scotland, as much as of every other country, that a man and woman cannot become husband and wife without the mutual consent which is essential to every contract. The first object of any marriage law must be to enable the parties to a matrimonial contract to prove their *status* without doubt or difficulty. The law of England effects this simply enough, by prescribing certain formalities which shall be publicly registered, and shall be absolutely conclusive as to the validity of the marriage; and the success of this arrangement has been so complete that a marriage contested on the ground of the insufficiency of the ceremony is a thing unheard of. No one who desires to be married need ever fail to secure a contract which is beyond dispute. At the same time, it is equally impossible for any one to come under the matrimonial yoke without deliberate consent. The only real objection that can be urged against the requirement of specified forms to give validity to a contract is, that persons who really intend to enter into the contract may accidentally fail to comply with the requirement of the law; but this is a contingency which occurs fifty times in Scotland where it happens once in England. The sole difference between the two systems is, that in the one country an arbitrary and definite mode of proving matrimonial consent is prescribed, is universally understood, and is never neglected where marriage is really contemplated; while, in the other, an extremely indefinite measure of evidence is required, which often leaves it a matter of the utmost difficulty to say whether the required consent can or cannot be legally established. If England and Scotland were equally sincere in the principle which is common to the laws of both countries, that mutual consent is the essence of the marriage contract, there would remain little room for discussion as to the comparative expediency of two systems of law, one of which ensures certainty, while the other seems framed on purpose to exclude it.

But the real conflict lies much deeper than the differences of positive law. The feeling which really animates the opposition to the English law is one that is just as much at variance with the law of Scotland. Mr. Smith, in substance, and Dr. Runciman, in terms, demand that, in certain cases, the law should impose the matrimonial yoke without a contract, and in the absence of consent. Those who are most eager in their advocacy of the Scottish law would have the matrimonial *status* legally recognised, not only where a consent to marry has been mutually given, but in those cases where, according to what they call the law of nature, such consent ought to have been given. To theorists of this stamp, it is to no purpose to oppose the fact that the law of the whole modern world, not excepting Scotland, is agreed that marriage can be constituted only by consent. The presumptions of the Scottish law undoubtedly do give facilities for forcing matrimony upon persons who have never consented or intended to accept its obligations; and if the Edinburgh debate is a fair illustration of Scottish opinion, it may be said with truth, that the only genuine advocacy of the Scottish practice comes from those who are opposed to the essential principle of the law of Scotland. If Scotland really clings to the compulsory marriages which Dr. Runciman would enforce, or, as he terms it, "infer," in every case of concubinage, the rational course would be to agitate for a total change of the existing law. But to defend a law expressly because it sometimes gives effect in practice to doctrines which it repudiates in principle, is scarcely consistent with the logical character of the Northern intellect. It may be hoped that those who really love the Scottish law because it can be easily evaded and hoodwinked are but a small minority; and, if so, there would remain nothing more than local prejudices to prevent the assimilation of marriage laws which in point of principle are already the same, however great and mischievous their practical divergence may be.

## THE NEW FOREST.

NO one can have seen what the South-Western Railway shows of the New Forest without wishing to see more of it. The line which connects Southampton with Dorchester enters the New Forest at Lyndhurst Road Station, and quits it at Ringwood. The most secluded and beautiful parts of the Forest are not, indeed, touched by the railway, but enough is visible to excite expectations which are certain to be amply gratified. It is difficult to say whether the present state or the past history of the Forest offers the more attractive subject of inquiry. Nature has happily given

to this district a character which it would not be easy to destroy. There is little encouragement to attempt what would be wrongly called improvement; for, after much discussion of various schemes for more profitable cultivation, it seems to be agreed that the best thing to do with the Forest is to grow timber in it. The deer, which formerly abounded, are almost extinct. It would have been impossible to preserve them without incurring heavy expense, and the more serious evil of tempting the whole population of the district to become poachers. The rigour of the ancient Forest-law attained, to a great extent, the end for which it was designed; but, in an age which considers the life of a man more valuable than that of a deer, it was better for the Crown to relinquish a contest in which odium was certain, and success hardly possible. Of other game besides deer, there is just enough left in the New Forest to make it worth while for a sportsman, who has obtained the requisite permission, to range over it; and those who, although not sportsmen, are pedestrians, may wander as they please without asking anybody's leave, and are more certain than the sportsman of finding what they seek—viz. health and pleasure. The property of the Crown forming the New Forest comprises upwards of 60,000 acres, and it is intermixed with private properties of half that extent, so that the whole district bearing the general character of forest contains more than 90,000 acres. When the usurpations of the successors of William the Conqueror had reached their highest point, and before the barons had extorted that Charter of the Forest which set bounds to the sovereign's acquisitiveness, the New Forest extended from Southampton Water to the river Avon, and from the Wiltshire Downs to the Solent. Encroachments by the Crown upon the subject having ceased, encroachments by the subject upon the Crown began, and went on for ages. The result has been that the boundaries on all sides have receded. The present extent of the Forest is about thirteen miles from north to south, and rather more from east to west. A great part of this district is as bare of trees as Exmoor or Dartmoor, but other parts are covered with oak and other woods, affording every variety of sylvan scenery. Although the oaks do not attain the size which is sometimes seen elsewhere, they are inferior to none in beauty, and, aided by the beech, the holly, and the yew, and above all by the sunshine, they form an endless succession of scenes of enchanting loveliness.

A valuable but rather cumbrous book upon the New Forest has been published within the last year by Mr. John R. Wise. As this handsome volume does not profess to be a guide-book, there is no place for the complaint that it is not portable. The author may perhaps hereafter be induced to publish part of it in a cheaper and more compendious form; and if he would enlarge what appears to be, in all respects except size, a very full and accurate map, he would confer an obligation upon all explorers of the New Forest. It is curious that in ordinary guide-books a good map is seldom found. There was the more reason for supplying such a map of the New Forest because it happens that no single Ordnance map contains the whole of the district to be explored. It is, of course, open to any publisher to construct from parts of two or more Ordnance maps a convenient map of the New Forest, and this is, indeed, what Mr. Wise has done upon a small scale. The fact that it has not been done otherwise seems to show that the New Forest has been rather neglected hitherto by tourists. Compared with the Isle of Wight, it is almost a solitude, and it is difficult not to entertain a selfish wish that it may remain so. No plan has been yet propounded for establishing a modern hotel, either by means of a limited company or otherwise, within the boundaries of the Forest. The little town of Lyndhurst affords adequate accommodation for as many visitors as usually frequent it; but if the beauty of the surrounding Forest were more widely celebrated, the throng of guests would become as great as when it was the hunting quarters of the Conqueror and his posterity. Mr. Wise says that the people of Lyndhurst ought, in his opinion, to be the happiest and most contented in England, for they possess a wider park and nobler trees than even Royalty. "You cannot leave the place in any direction without going through the Forest." It is melancholy to reflect that even at Lyndhurst there may be people who are dissatisfied with their lot, and who, in spite of the eloquent teaching of Mr. Wise, would prefer a fashionable street or square of London to the most picturesque and solitary spot which he has endeavoured to delineate or describe.

An interesting discussion has been raised by Mr. Wise as to the truth of the commonly received accounts of the devastation committed by the Conqueror to form the Forest. Histories of England designed for the instruction of youth set forth that he destroyed fifty churches, and banished the inhabitants of the villages which surrounded them. Other histories adopt the more moderate figure of twenty or thirty churches, which, however, on examination, will not appear more credible than fifty. It is probable that the churches and villages were not destroyed, because they did not exist. It is now, and it may be supposed to have been always, impossible for a numerous agricultural population to subsist in the New Forest. The Conqueror, doubtless, threw into the Forest which existed before his time lands which lay conveniently for his purpose, and which were of no great value for any other. These afforestations were made with small regard to private right or feeling, and the dwellers in and near the Forest were not only injured in their property, but their persons were brought under a barbarous code of law, the principle of which was to prefer the well-being of the game to that of the inhabitants. But the Conqueror was shrewd enough to know that the prosperity of his

subjects concerned himself, and if there had been in South Hants such a populous and flourishing district as has been supposed, he would have been careful not to oppress or plunder it beyond the point from which it might be expected to recover. Many readers of English history have probably never troubled themselves to form any distinct conception of this famous district. Some people, perhaps, think that a forest is all trees, and others that it has no inhabitants. But sportsmen at the present day find an occasional farm or publichouse highly convenient in the course of a long day's ranging, and it is not to be supposed that Norman kings and nobles were utterly insensible to fatigue, thirst, and hunger. Tradition says that the body of William Rufus was carried on a charcoal-burner's cart from the scene of his death to Winchester Cathedral; and the village of Minstead, where this charcoal-burner is said to have dwelt, may be supposed to have existed before as well as after the afforestation. It is a matter of course that everybody who visits the Forest goes to the spot which tradition points out as that where Rufus met his death. The walk from Lyndhurst to this spot is one of the most beautiful in the Forest. A stone was set up to mark where a tree once stood, and this stone, for its better preservation, has been enclosed in a hideous triangular iron case. The tree has hitherto been accused of contributing to the King's death by causing an arrow shot by Tyrrel at a stag to glance and strike him; and the chroniclers see in this accident Heaven's retribution for the King's tyranny and impiety. Mr. Wise suggests that there was no accident at all, but that a human hand usurped the Divine attribute of vengeance. The author of the King's death fled across the Forest, passed the river Avon at a place which is still called Tyrrel's Ford, and took ship at Poole for Normandy. The death-place of William Rufus will scarcely excite any other feeling than curiosity; but still the spot is worth visiting, because, independently of its historical interest, there happens to be near it one of the few houses of entertainment which await the wanderer in the New Forest.

A visit to the supposed scene of this hunting accident suggests considerations of the great change which has taken place both in the manner and the material of sport since the Red King's day. There are no deer hounds kept in the Forest now, and the deer, as we have seen, are almost extinct. If the Conqueror or his son could come back to life, they would be very much astonished to see a pack of fox-hounds in possession of their old hunting-ground. And there are some other sights in the neighbourhood which would surprise, but certainly not displease, them. Take, for instance, the stud-farm at Lymington. There is a story told of a visitor to York, who, on inquiring for objects of interest in that ancient city, was conducted into a field at the back of the inn where he was staying, and was informed that a winner of the St. Leger had been foaled under a tree which he might see growing there. The town of Lymington, on the southern border of the New Forest, is a far smaller place than York, but it can show an actual winner of both the Derby and the St. Leger, leading a life of dignified repose at a stud-farm just outside the town. Everybody has heard how Lord George Bentinck, who had never won the Derby, sold his horses when he took to politics, and among them Surplice, who won both the Derby and the St. Leger for his new owner in 1848. This celebrated horse now resides at Lymington, where he receives visitors affably in his box. He has an immensely thick neck, and a hollow back, and is as unlike as possible to the portrait which was made of him before he was taken out of training. His posterity have not gained much distinction, and consequently his reputation as a sire is not nearly equal to that of Newminster or Stockwell. The proverb that nothing succeeds like success is eminently true of stud-horses. A little good fortune early brings the finest mares in the country to the paddock, and then it becomes difficult to fail. One of the best-known of the progeny of Surplice is that quick and clever mare Lady Clifden, who, unlike her half-brother, the winner of this year's St. Leger, will get well upon her legs as soon as anything in the race, and will show great speed for half a mile, but is good for little over a long course. The dam of Lady Clifden was put to Newminster the next year, and produced Lord Clifden—a result which is not likely to be improved upon. It must be owned, however, that if Surplice is not quite at the head of his profession, he is very far above what one would expect to find in such an out-of-the-way place as Lymington. He has for companion in his retirement a younger and very handsome horse, Autocrat, who will doubtless be remembered by those who lost their money by backing him in 1854 for the Derby and the St. Leger, which he did not win. The temper of Autocrat is less amiable than that of Surplice, or perhaps he has rather a different and not equally encouraging way of showing strangers that he is glad to see them. Although Surplice won two great races, and Autocrat only tried to win them, a breeder who judged by looks alone would be likely to prefer Autocrat to Surplice. Thus time brings compensation even to a defeated favourite for the Derby. The Conqueror, we may be sure, never saw such a horse as Surplice or Autocrat, but he would have been quite alive to their value if he had seen them. Whatever he may have done with villages and churches, it is tolerably certain that he would have treated the Lymington stud-farm, if it had existed in his time, with a tender hand. No doubt the royal prerogative would have been exerted to secure the services of Surplice and Autocrat for the improvement of the royal stud, and if there arose a question as to the value of the life of one of these high-bred horses as compared with the lives of many West Saxon peasants, we know which would have been preferred.



Although fox-hunting in the New Forest is very different from any sport which the Conqueror ever enjoyed, it is probably not so different as fox-hunting in more fashionable countries, where racing speed in both hounds and horses is deemed the most essential quality. The New Forest is hardly adapted for this sort of tearing work, but good old-fashioned sport can be obtained there, and those who prefer real hunting to steeple-chasing may perhaps like it better than Leicestershire itself. Patience, the first quality of a real sportsman, must be largely exercised, and a long and hard day's work may be expected before killing a fox, instead of the favourite "fast forty minutes and a kill in the open" which is so popular with most fox-hunters in the present day. The great extent of woods and furze-covered commons in which the fox must be sought makes it necessary to rely upon the instinct and energy of the hounds a good deal more than in more open countries; and when the game is fairly afoot, the coope is so thick in some parts, and the ground is so boggy in others, that what is called riding to hounds is quite impossible. The consequence is that the hounds are left a good deal to themselves, and they acquire a certain independence of character very different from that of a pack accustomed to look to the huntsman for assistance at the first check, and scarcely able or willing to make any effort to recover a lost scent by their own exertions. Their hunting is not, however, confined to the Forest, but extends over a great deal of the enclosed country adjoining, which is rather conspicuous, like other parts of the Southern and Western counties of England, for large banks and fences and small enclosures, that militate almost as much against hard riding as do the woods and swamps of the Forest. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the New Forest hunt is not mounted exactly in the style one is accustomed to see in the Midland and Northern counties; but perhaps the amount of real sport witnessed by it may be quite equal in its way to that obtained by more ambitious horsemen, who must needs pay more attention to their own necks at a steeplechase pace than to the working of the hounds and the true science of hunting. But whether hunting be fast or slow, the breeding of the hounds is a matter which always requires attention, and that branch of art has not been neglected in the New Forest kennels. Drafts from the best packs in England are to be seen there carefully selected for size and quality, and the Duke of Rutland's, the Quorn, the Pytchley, and many others, have contributed to the Lyndhurst kennels. No hounds could be better cared for or under better control, and they are a very good-tempered lot of dogs. It is not always a pleasant thing for a nervous man to be left among twenty or thirty couple of strange dogs with inquisitive noses, but it is not necessary to be much of a dog-fancier to feel perfectly at ease at the Lyndhurst kennels. The huntsman, while he appears to make no invidious distinctions, points out a few favourites with laudable pride. "That little bitch is Fearless; she took the second prize at Islington. That is Sailor; we got him from the Duke of Rutland. There is not a better dog in England." There are about fifty couple of hounds in all. It is a pleasant rest, after a long walk through the Forest, to linger a short time among them, and listen to the courteous and enthusiastic talk of the veteran huntsman. If the progress of civilization should ever advance so far as to supply hounds with table-napkins, they would be even more pleasant company after their dinner than they now are.

It is remarkable that otter-hunting, which in a suitable country affords fine sport, has not been introduced into the New Forest. The many rivers and smaller streams which add so much to the beauty of the district are said to be well stocked with otters, although Mr. Wise does not mention these animals as dwelling in the Forest. Mr. Wise complains that several sorts of birds which formerly existed in the Forest have become extinct. It is vain to lament over the inevitable effects of an increase of population and cultivation; but, as a great part of the New Forest is likely to retain always its present character, that character should be as completely retained as possible. The value of this Forest to the nation is much more than the revenue which arises from it; for it is quite true, as Mr. Wise asserts, that land has sometimes other uses besides supporting houses or growing corn—viz. "to nourish, not so much the body as the mind of man; to gladden the eye with its loveliness; and to brace the soul with that strength which is alone to be gained in the solitude of the moors and the woods."

#### THE PROTESTANT AND CATHOLIC CANTONS OF SWITZERLAND.

IT used to be a standing commonplace to contrast the prosperity of the Protestant Cantons of Switzerland with the misery of their Roman Catholic neighbours. You may always know a Catholic Canton, it was said, by the dirt and wretchedness which displays itself as soon as you have crossed the border. This assertion used to be popular in times when Switzerland was something more than a vast playground for all European nations, with a quantity of gymnastic apparatus specially provided for English people. In our own days, the multitudes of visitors who pour over every Swiss route are at a loss to understand how the remark ever came to be made. No doubt the Protestants have got the richest part of the country. The Valais is a wretched place except for mountaineering purposes, and the four Forest Cantons, with the exception of Lucerne, are probably the poorest in Switzerland; but it must be a very prejudiced eye that sees comfort at Meyringen and misery at Lungern, on the other side of the Brunig,

or draws a similar contrast between Lucerne and either Basle or Berne. In the Grisons, where the population is mixed up in not very unequal proportions, the Catholic and Protestant villages are utterly undistinguishable. Some villages hold one creed, and some the other; but, without local inquiry, no human creature could tell which was which. This is no doubt an answer, as far as it goes, to an old and rather favourite argument on the Protestant side in the controversy between Protestants and Roman Catholics. It is worth while to inquire what the argument was, and how far the fact affects it.

The alleged state of Switzerland was evidence to support the assertion that Protestantism, whether true or false, is in certain respects more favourable to the morals of those who hold it than Popery, and that this superiority shows itself in the superior prosperity which is the reward of certain moral virtues. No one who is at all familiar with the spirit of the two creeds will doubt this for a moment. It is too clear to require, or even to excuse, argument or illustration that Protestantism is more favourable than its rival to independence, self-reliance, energy, and all the moral virtues which usually go with these dispositions of mind. The very virtues which Roman Catholic writers claim for the immediate subjects of the Pope are the virtues of children—submissiveness, openness to religious and indeed to all other impressions, quick sensibility, and the like. These may almost be called the formal opposites of the qualities, good or bad, which a Protestant training is calculated to develop; and this general truth is so plain in itself, and is so fully illustrated by the history—political, literary, and philosophical—of every part of Europe for the last three centuries, that it is not likely to be affected in the estimation of any competent observer by proof that the Schweizer Hof at Lucerne is as good an inn as the Trois Couronnes at Vevay, or that the villages between Brieg and the Glacier of the Rhone are very like the villages in the valleys near Meyringen and Grindelwald. It does not, however, follow that the fact that great material progress has been made in the Roman Catholic parts of Europe is insignificant; and if Roman Catholics are now, or ever should be, able to say, with truth, "We are as energetic and as rich as you Protestants," this would be deserving of notice. It may be interesting to ask what the truth of such an allegation would prove.

The mere existence of material prosperity may, of course, be the effect of an infinite variety of causes; and the important thing would be to show, not merely that, in point of fact, particular Roman Catholic countries are rich and energetic, but that they owe their riches and energy to their creed. To trace the connexion between Protestantism and temporal prosperity is easy. Whatever stimulates mental activity and self-reliance in the most important departments of life must produce similar effects in those which are less important; and facts, though they do not prove the conclusion that this has actually happened, strongly suggest it. No such connexion can be assigned between Popery and prosperity. The mind cannot be cut in half any more than the body, and, if absolute government is the rule with regard to the highest subjects, it would be natural to expect a tamer and less vigorous cast of character in other matters. It would, therefore, appear probable *a priori* that, if Roman Catholic countries were specially rich or energetic, they would be so in spite of their religion, and not because of it. That this is so is proved by the fact that causes hostile to the Roman Catholic religion may be shown to have contributed mainly to the prosperity of such Roman Catholic countries as are, or are becoming, prosperous and energetic.

It should be observed, in the first place, that the Roman Catholic religion itself has greatly changed its character since the Reformation, and perceptibly since the French Revolution. M. De Montalembert, who is so excellent a writer that he cannot but be a most damaging advocate to his own cause, has for some years been teaching the doctrine that the Church of Rome was the inventor of civil liberty—a paradox which is founded on the undoubted truth that the mediæval Church was not subject to that spiritual tyranny which, within the last three centuries, the Popes have been obliged to usurp in order to resist reformation. In the middle ages, the Western Church might be compared to a limited monarchy. This was possible in times when the state of knowledge was such that there was no necessary conflict between reason and religious belief. Now that, for more than three centuries, the results of all intellectual inquiry have been adverse to Catholicism, it can exist only as a spiritual tyranny. Nobody would believe it if the head of the Church did not claim the most absolute infallibility in the most uncompromising language. Hence, all the restraints which the most orthodox Catholics imposed in old times on the Papal power have been one by one removed. Since the Revolution, the Gallican Liberties have become as obsolete as the Statute of Provisors, and the Pope has as little to fear from a General Council as the Emperor of the French from the States-General. The power of the Church is thus restricted to those who will submit to it in its most exaggerated form. Practically, it rules over the most ignorant portion of the nations in which it exists—the peasantry of Ireland and of parts of France and Italy—over women, and over men who are either paradoxical, like De Maistre, or weak enough to be unable to bear the pain of doubt. Over these classes it probably exercises far greater power than Innocent III. exercised over, not the actions, but the mind of such a king as Philip Augustus. Over men, over that class of women who have the courage and intellect which becomes the wives and mothers of men worthy of the name, and especially

over statesmen, great writers, and men of science, the Church of Rome has for centuries had hardly any hold at all.

There are some apparent exceptions to this remark, but nothing shows its general accuracy more than the line which the few persons of this order who are more or less sincere nominal Romanists take with regard to their creed. M. De Tocqueville may be placed, on all accounts, amongst the most eminent men of this kind in our own days. His speculations constantly lead him to speak of religion, and it is perhaps not too much to affirm that there is hardly a page in either of his great works which might not have been written by a Protestant. There are two topics on which he constantly insists. One is that religion is indispensable to political liberty. The other is that the temporal and spiritual provinces should be divided from each other by the deepest lines of demarcation. None of his speculations depend for their validity on the truth of his creed. They would be just as good if Unitarianism were true. Compare him in this respect with the older Catholic writers—men who not only did not dispute the teaching of the Church, but did really view it as a divine institution, the depository of a set of absolutely true doctrines divinely revealed. Such men would as soon have thought of teaching morals and politics independently of the faith as a Cambridge tutor would think of teaching astronomy independently of mathematics; and they would have considered it a sort of treason to divide the spiritual and temporal provinces in such a way as to admit that politics, law, and morals could be taught as well on an heretical as on a Catholic basis. In a certain sense, Bossuet may be said to divide the temporal and the spiritual; but Bossuet makes theology, as he conceived it, the basis of all human life, and every man who really believes in it must do so. If there be in the world an authority infallible on all the most important subjects, he ought to be an absolute and universal monarch. If the Pope is infallible at all, he ought to be a Hildebrand or Innocent III. raised to the highest power, and Europe ought to be another Thibet, with a Dalai Lama at the head of it. Distinctions between temporal and spiritual power are only polite evasions, by the help of which men like M. De Tocqueville are able, with more or less consciousness of the real gist of their language, to put their nominal creed on one side in a polite manner. "We do not deny that you may have a kingdom somewhere in the clouds. Attend to its interests by all means; but, for your own good, do not interfere with politics, or law, or science, or morals, considered from a human point of view." In a word, do not try the strength of your prerogatives, for fear you should break them.

This being the position which for some centuries the Church of Rome has been gradually taking up, it is easy enough to explain how so many Roman Catholic countries have become rich and energetic, especially of late years. In at least three great leading cases, they have become prosperous by the success of a policy not only independent of, but directly and vehemently hostile to, the Church of Rome. These are France, Italy, and Spain. France is now one of the richest countries of Europe, and is quickly growing richer. It owes its prosperity mainly to the changes made at the Revolution, though those changes were made in a sufficiently rough and brutal manner. If any system in this world was ever condemned by its fruits, or broke down on account of the falsehood of the premises on which it was based, it was the system of Louis XIV. and Bossuet—a system which, to distort a little the title of one of that great man's works, might be called the "politique tiré de l'Ecriture Sainte." The theory of an infallible Church supporting and supported by a king by divine right, was not merely symmetrical, but magnificent. As it did not happen to be true, it was not only convicted of falsehood by the much-abused but unrefuted writers of the eighteenth century, but found itself diametrically opposed to the wishes and feelings of the country, and was finally overthrown with infinite bloodshed and misery. No one would say that the French nation has solved the great problems with which it has to cope, but it can hardly be disputed that in proportion as, and because, it has grown less Catholic, it has grown richer, graver, busier, and more comfortable; and these, as far as they go, are solid gains. They are not all that men want to make them good and happy, but childishness and superstition would make them poorer and more idle without making them better. In Italy, again, no one can doubt for a moment either that the foundation of the Kingdom of Italy is the greatest happiness that has befallen that country since the Christian era, or that it was and is opposed by the Pope to the very utmost, and that on grounds which, from his point of view, are perfectly just. No reasonable person can doubt that he knows his own business a great deal better than the kind friends who tell him that he would be far happier, and much more powerful, if he were a purely spiritual potentate, and were to lay aside all that is invidious in the possession of temporal power. Such advice is much like telling some curious wild animal that it is very foolish to go roving about looking out for food, and exposed to all the vicissitudes of weather, when there are pleasant little dens provided in the Zoological Gardens, with regular rations of raw meat, and convenient bars to keep off the crowd. When Vicksburg was taken, it was all very well to make the best of it, and to say that it was no real loss; but for all that, the Confederates struggled desperately to keep it, and would have been delighted to be able to do so. Spain, again, has taken a fresh start in the world of late years; but that also has been a consequence of a victory won against the most desperate struggles of the Catholic party. The Liberalism of the last century sowed the seed, and the fruit was seen in the

suppression of the Inquisition and the convents, and the establishment of the Constitution from which the present prosperity of the country has flowed.

In all these cases, the prosperity and energy of a great nation has increased in proportion to the decline of the power of the Roman Catholic Church, and more especially in proportion to the degree in which it has lost its hold on the powerful and active minds in the country. To any one who is able to appreciate the real tendency of events, such evidence as this must appear infinitely more worthy of attention in estimating the respective tendencies of Protestantism and Popery than any contrast, real or supposed, between the different cantons of Switzerland can ever have been. It may no doubt be said that the impulses which have done so much for the prosperity and energy of France, Spain, and Italy are not more Protestant than Catholic, and that they are as much opposed to some parts of most of the Protestant creeds as to that of the Roman Catholics. There is some truth in this; but the great characteristic, not indeed of Protestant creeds or Protestant theologians, but of Protestant institutions and populations, is that they do not, either in theory or in practice, suppose themselves to be either infallible or completely right. There is nothing to shock a Protestant in the notion that his creed may, in the course of time, turn out to have been only a step in a long process, so long as he has reasonable grounds to hope that it is a step in the right direction.

#### HIGHWAY BOARDS.

THE new Highway Act has made a good beginning, though as yet its working is little more than an experiment, and must be judged of accordingly. A great deal has still to be done, and many prejudices have still to be uprooted, but a deathblow has been struck to some of the worst of them. Those who croaked about increased expense may croak still; there has hardly been time either to confirm their forebodings or to refute them. But those patriots—some of them extreme Tories, some of them extreme Radicals—who poured forth such floods of nonsense about the overthrow of local self-government, must surely be for the future constrained to hold their peace. The British farmer hates a novelty, and cannot always follow an argument; but he is not such a fool as obstinately to resist the evidence of his senses. After sitting for months as the representative of his neighbours, transacting business on behalf of himself and his neighbours, he cannot any longer fear that the right of transacting local business will be spirited away into some mysterious hands which he cannot exactly explain. After sitting for months side by side with county magistrates, voting as their equal, and out-voting them whenever he thinks good, he can no longer profess to think that the new Act was merely a scheme for enlarging the powers of county magistrates. The purely parochial spirit is not extinct; it shows itself ever and anon in very grotesque shapes; but this sort of talk at least is surely at an end. The dull, honest prejudice which really thought that something dreadful was going to happen must surely have yielded to the plain facts of the case, and the party spirit which made use of such prejudice for its own purposes can hardly venture upon misrepresentations which the experience of so many can expose. Instead of any destruction of self-government, a rational system of self-government has been, for the first time for a long while, introduced by the Bill. There is reason to believe, as a matter of antiquarian speculation, that a parish vestry was once a popular assembly, a real Landsgemeinde. But it had long been so only as a matter of antiquarian speculation. In practice it had shrunk up into one of the worst of oligarchies—a little knot of men of one class, meeting nobody knew where and voting nobody knew what. The air is very considerably cleared by getting out of such a narrow atmosphere of jobs into a region where men are driven to meet neighbours of a different rank from themselves, and men of their own rank who are not exactly their neighbours. It is absurd to talk of the overthrow of democratic self-government where all self-government of any kind existed only in theory. In sober truth, the new Act has substituted a rational representative government for a hole-and-corner oligarchy.

The fusing of ranks in the Board, bringing together those who are naturally the best and most active members of their several classes, is a great gain in itself. The Highway Board does this more completely than the Board of Guardians, because the *ex officio* members are likely to attend it more regularly. Its meetings are less frequent, so that regular attendance is not such a burthen, and the business to be gone through is more generally interesting. It is an act of painful virtue to attend regularly at a Board of Guardians, and unless a man can attend regularly he had better stay away. But a man must have very little public spirit who cannot go to a Highway Board once a quarter, or even once a month. And to bring members of different classes together in the transaction of real business is an inestimable gain. It does far more to make different classes understand one another than any number of meetings, dinners, and "demonstrations," where nothing is really done. There can be no affectation of condescension when the county magistrate and the tenant farmer sit side by side, with equal voices in the transaction of business alike interesting to both. No institution can be more truly levelling, in a good sense of the word, than this terrible bugbear of so many parish patriots. The classes of people of whom the Board is made up will of course differ according to the different constitution of society in different counties. It is always a gain when different classes can be made



gently to glide off into one another. In some counties the holdings are small, and there is a wide gap between the magistrate and the small farmer or smaller yeoman. Where the farmers are of a higher class, this difficulty is not so much felt. For it seems to be, as we feared it would be, the established rule to elect farmers only. The stray gentleman who is not a magistrate, the retired professional man, the half-pay officer, the clergyman without duty, seems to be very seldom chosen except when the parish has more or less of an urban element in it. Yet this class is a very valuable one, and often contains members well suited for local business. The more classes that can be thrown together the better, but if any two classes can be thrown together it is better than nothing.

It is curious, in watching the working of one of these Boards, to see the difficulty with which the purely local mind adapts itself to a wider sphere of action. One would think that the division of England into parishes was not only a very ancient division, but something absolutely inherent in human nature from the beginning, so hard it seems for many of the farmer class, and even for some above that class, to be got to extend their local patriotism even to the small collection of parishes which forms a Highway District. It is hard to make them understand that though, like members of Parliament as regards their own constituents, they are the immediate representatives of a smaller division, yet, like members of Parliament as regards the whole nation, they are responsible for the whole district, and bound to act in the interest of the whole district. There is a tendency to throw the general responsibilities of the Board upon the Waywarden of the parish immediately concerned; and the very conception of the Board, as a Board, seems often to be reached only with considerable difficulty. One constantly hears in speech, and sometimes sees in writing, the Waywarden of this or that parish spoken of as its "Surveyor," as if he still personally retained the care of the roads of his parish, and as if the word Surveyor under the new system did not mean quite another sort of person. But these very hindrances in the way of thoroughly working the Act are themselves so many witnesses to its excellence and its necessity. The difficulty of overcoming this narrow parochial patriotism shows more clearly the need of an institution which can hardly fail in course of time to do a good deal towards undermining it.

For the remedy of this evil we must look to the gradual working of the new system itself. There is another for which some more formal remedy is needed. This is the wonderful state of isolation in which each Board now finds itself. A Board meets and settles such questions as comes before it, in utter ignorance of what is going on in any other Board, even in the same county. The same questions may arise in hundreds of Boards, and may receive as many different answers as there are Boards in which they arise. This does not at all prove that they are in such cases wrongly answered, because the different circumstances of different districts may well dictate one answer in one place and another in another. But it certainly seems an evil that a number of perfectly independent bodies should go on, constantly dealing with the same sort of business, without any sort of knowledge of one another's proceedings. For each Board, so long as it keeps within the letter of the Act, seems to be perfectly autocratic. Let no one think that we are asking for the remedy which to some minds might seem the most obvious one. We might not object to be in some sort federalized, but we must utterly refuse to be centralized. We have not the faintest wish for a general Highway Board in London, and a body of spruce Highway Commissioners to order us about according to some cut-and-dried pattern. Let us go back to our old surveyors and our old ruts, rather than come to that. But if the wisdom of Parliament, or the wisdom of anybody else, can find out a way to bring the different Boards, at least in the same county, into some sort of relation and intercommunication with one another, we shall have undoubtedly achieved a step towards the further development of a system of really rational local self-government.

One small step in the same direction is in the power of the Boards themselves. Let them not be afraid of publicity, but freely allow their proceedings to be recorded in the local newspapers. This is done by some Highway Boards and by some Boards of Guardians, while others refuse the permission. It seems to us most important that it should be allowed everywhere, in the case both of Highway Boards and of Boards of Guardians. Such a course is dictated by every principle of convenience and consistency. Debates in Parliament are reported, so are debates in Quarter Sessions and in Town Councils. Debates in Boards of Guardians and in Highway Boards ought to be reported also. There is one unanswerable reason for reporting all of them. All are representative bodies in the sense of being entrusted with the interests of others, and with the right of spending the money of others. All, except Quarter Sessions, are also representative bodies in the sense of being wholly or mainly elective bodies. It is therefore only just that, in all these cases, the constituencies should have the means of judging of the conduct of their representatives, and especially of knowing how their money is spent. Such publication is also a great convenience to the members of the Boards themselves. A member who cannot attend any particular meeting is told what happens at that meeting more clearly and satisfactorily than by asking some neighbour who may have been there. And, what is more important, the members of one Board will have some chance of knowing what happens in other Boards in their own neighbourhood, and now and then even in other neighbourhoods. They will be able to see whether the same

questions are raised as are raised in their own Board, and whether they meet with the same answers. As it is, a member of one Board is left utterly in the dark as to what is happening in the next Board, except when he chances to fall in with some of its members. So great is the isolation of these Boards that it is hard to write upon the matter at all. What we have been putting forth as common to Highway Boards in general may turn out to be only the abnormal characteristics of one or two among them. Should this prove to be the case, much as we shall regret our error, we shall at least plead that it confirms rather than invalidates our complaint as to the sad isolation in which we and our brethren are at present left.

#### ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

RICHARD WHATELY was descended from a good though as yet undistinguished family, and was born in Cavendish Square in 1787. In due time he was sent to Oriel, and took a double second in the year in which Sir Robert Peel, Bishop Gilbert, and Dean Conybeare were firsts. In 1810 he gained the English Essay, and the next year became Fellow of Oriel. These were then the only open fellowships in Oxford, and all the thought and power of the place was fast converging thither. It is difficult for us now to realize the Oriel School such as it soon became under the energetic headship of Bishop Copleston. Within a few years there were gathered there Whately, Keble, Mant, Arnold, Davison, Hampden, Pusey, Newman, R. Wilberforce, the elder Froude, and a host of others. Oriel Common-room is classic ground alike to each of the great parties which divide modern thought. Thence arose the "Latitudinarians" of the past generation, the fathers of the "Broad Church" of our times; and there it was that a few conversations in the long vacation of 1833, growing out of a measure in which Whately bore no small part, were the origin of the *Tracts for the Times*, and all that has sprung out of them. Oriel Common-room, moreover, had the happiness of amalgamating what seemed to be very discordant materials in unbroken personal harmony. A pleasanter society to live in, even apart from its exuberance of intellect, has never since been seen. Here Whately was thoroughly in his element. He was no great orator at any time; he would never have "taken" as a preacher; but in the quick give-and-take of Oxford conversation he was perhaps unrivalled. He had great peculiarities, however, and was at all times more feared than loved, except by the small circle who entirely understood him. He was unobservant of conventionalities—perhaps one would do him more justice by saying he kicked them lustily out of his way, with (now and then) an emphatic benediction sent after them. He had no notion of the stinging vigour of his words, and often inflicted pain without the faintest idea that he had done so. He was almost laughably regardless of appearances—or rather, he revelled in affronting anything that looked starched, prim, and proper; above all, he was profoundly intolerant of pompousness, incapacity, and sham. He almost loved to scurry a mediocrity and roast a "Don;" and when, as happens not unfrequently in every generation, the two were combined—when a pompous magnate happened to be a puffy noodle—he plied the whip with the dexterity of a hackney-coachman and the vigour of Olympian Jove.

Now, considering that mediocrities, *ex vi termini*, cannot help being the majority in every age, this sort of treatment, no doubt, seemed rather unconscionable to the victims of it. There they were, as they had been for years, cultivating their proprieties, nursing their orthodoxies, flourishing in a sort of easy-going Paradise of their own, under the apparently interminable Liverpool Administration. Fellows glided into deaneries, and Heads rose into bishoprics in the most agreeable perpetuity; and here was a bluff, headstrong, unmannerly "fellow," who walked right ahead through the world with no respect for people's corns, who violated all the proprieties, went to his pupils' rooms instead of making them wait upon him at his own, lectured them either with his arms a-kimbo or with his legs over a chair-back, or in any unmentionable attitude that happened to come uppermost with him. He kept dogs; it was by no means certain that he did not smoke; nay, he was even obtrusive of his frailties, and half-gloried in what every well-regulated mind of the era felt to be particularly unbecoming. If anything unusually *inévitable* *raie* *coûteux* happened to strike his fancy, it seemed to have an especial charm for him. Then, again, he was a Liberal—had opinions of his own about "the established Government and the laws," and the amount of mending that they wanted. He had wild views, also, about the Sabbath—believed that the Christian Sunday had superseded it, and deserved more genial celebration than the sombre dulness of a University sermon. He was constantly starting questions on all manner of dangerous subjects, and discovering "peculiarities" and "difficulties" in the Christian religion where other people saw, or wished to see, only the plain turnpike road that led to professional prosperity. If he preached the Bampton Lecture, he could not but select such a subject as that of "Party Feeling," which, it is needless to say, he treated, if in a liberal spirit, yet in a way very disagreeable to those whose ideal of life was to be successful partisans. And, as if all this were not enough, he could not be persuaded to go his own way in peace, and let them alone. He ought to be "put down" somehow or other; only who was to do it? He was a very pugilist of logomachy; everybody who approached him in the war of words came off with an ugly scratch or two. Oxford

was at once aggravated and nonplussed. Paley's *Natural Theology* had instructed mankind that a watch was the material symbol of Divine Providence, and here was a wheel manifestly too big for its place, but which, big or little, persisted in going on, and (in some unaccountable way) dragging all the best part of the watch along with it. It was a sore trial of faith while it lasted, and we suspect that we speak the almost unanimous conviction of the Oxford of the day in saying that, when Whately was presented to a country living, it began to breathe more freely, as if the Paleian Providence had somehow recovered its balance, and Oxford had got rid of a nightmare, and might go to sleep again in safety.

The hope was destined to be speedily disappointed; but the interval of country life was of no little value to Whately himself. When his life is written, the Halesworth episode will fill a pleasant page or two. We need hardly say that he was a model of activity and energy in his parish; and nothing that he ever wrote is more effective, in its way, than the printed records he has left of his ministry in the little Suffolk town. We trust the biographer will not forget a story which the rector somewhere tells about himself. We omit the hundreds of Whateleana that are current everywhere—they are no matter for a notice written over a yet open grave—but we record this one, because it was in all probability the occasion on which the Liberal of his day first learnt the hollowness of popular cries, and of a good deal that passes for love of liberty. Rector Whately wanted (if we remember) on one occasion to divert a footpath. Probably he did not know what a violation of all bucolic notions of right he was contemplating. His churchwarden came to him, half in alarm, half in triumph, to tell him that "the sense of the parish was dead against him." Whately was a little amazed, but made up his mind to his discomfiture, went to his vestry-meeting mainly to say so, talked the matter over, *more suo*, with a good deal of geniality and just a little "chaff," and it appeared that the "sense" of the parish consisted, after all, of a bumptious sort of landowner, a gossiping apothecary, and three patriots fresh from the public-house. The parochial "sense," if they still survive, probably believe to this day that Rector Whately was a despot; but Whately himself learnt a lesson which served him in good stead for many a day. What Oxford had only heated into opposition to everything and everybody got its *quietus*, very possibly, in the Halesworth vestry-room.

He was not long allowed to rusticate in Suffolk. Lord Grenville recalled him to Oxford in 1825 as Head of Alban Hall. Plenty of fun, no doubt, the Hebdomadal Board afforded him; his Hall was admirably administered; Newman, the *fidus Achates* of the Logic book, was his Vice-Principal; and perhaps he was never happier than during the five years in which he was no longer the venturesome pioneer of Oxford thought, but one of its chief recognised leaders. The unbelieving obstructivism of the place hoped that he was shelved at last, and that his *vivida vis* would fret itself away in Hebdomadal squabbles, and looked forward to his settling down in time into decorous donnishness. But what years of work these Halesworth and Alban Hall years were! Probably no one in England, except perhaps Arnold and Brougham, worked so hard as he. Logic, rhetoric, politics, theology, the errors of Romanism, and "Historic Doubts" for the rumination of free-thinkers, political economy, and thoughts on secondary punishment—nothing came amiss to him; and on every subject he was, at all events, better worth reading than nine men out of ten. We do not assign to many of his works any very great profundity, nor augur for most of them a permanence much beyond the passing generation; but he had always something original to say—he was always vigorous, always practical, and always candid.

Stirring times, however, were at hand. Roman Catholic Emancipation shattered the old Tory party into fragments; and the Peel election brought out Whately's practical ability into prominent notice. Still it was a startling surprise when, in 1831, Lord Grey elevated him to the Archbishopric of Dublin. The cold shiver that came over Oxford is hardly yet forgotten. He "had no dignity, no tact, no qualifications of any sort; he would never get on with the Lord-Lieutenant; he would throw the Orangemen into a ferment, he would be mobbed by the natives, he would steer the Irish Establishment straight on the rocks in a twelvemonth." Happily, Lord Grey had formed a much more accurate estimate both of the work to be done and of the man to do it. The principle of the Roman Catholic Relief Act had to be carried out into its practical issues in the political, religious, and social life of a people whose antecedents made the experiment peculiarly difficult. Those who were slowly and grudgingly resigning their hopes of Protestant ascendancy were to be harmonised, if possible, with those who were flushed with recent victory, and had the slights of years to repay, into a National System of combined and unsectarian education. The Irish Church Establishment was both to be defended and to be made a little better worth defending. Above all, England and Ireland had to be united in fact—they had hitherto been so only in name. The difficulties of the situation were considerable enough to any one; and the reputation, and (in some respects) the character, of Whately added others personal to himself. Perhaps no one, for instance, had a more contemptuous dislike to the strange mixture of Evangelical phraseology with Orange truculence which had almost exclusive possession of the Irish clerical mind; and he was by no means the man to disguise an ethical repugnance under a suavity of outward manner. For twenty years he was contented to do hard up-hill work among the suspicious and distrustful of a large proportion of his clergy. He worked with an unflagging energy and hearty goodwill that won their way in time; and it is

scarcely too much to say that to Primate Beresford's munificence and Archbishop Whately's breadth of view and honesty of work, it is mainly due that the Irish Establishment survives at this moment. His (now forgotten) evidence on the Tithe question is a marvel of practical insight and mental industry, when we remember that it was given after only a couple of months' residence in Ireland, and with no more than six weeks for the accumulation of his facts. At the Education Board he so entirely won Archbishop Murray's confidence that the latter left the advocacy of Catholic interests as readily in Whately's hands as in his own; and by sheer hard work and vigour of character the Archbishop overawed and silenced the angry virulence of party to an extent which, from him, no one would, *a priori*, have thought possible. We much doubt whether any one else would have accomplished the task so well.

His retirement from the National Board has been much canvassed. No doubt a little too much of the egotism which belonged to him was allowed to appear when he found his pet little treatise on the "Evidences," and the rest of his favourite bantlings, proscribed by a body of whom he looked upon himself as in some sort the father and founder. But the experiment was almost a hopeless one from the beginning. Nothing but Murray's singular moderation and Whately's unswerving fairness could have given it a chance of existence for a twelvemonth; and it was almost certain to topple over under the importation of so incongruous an element as Dr. Cullen—a pleasant person who had spent all his days in Rome, and believed (or was said to believe) that the sun goes round the earth, just as the Church revolves round the Pope—who looked upon fairness as unfaithfulness, and moderation as mischievous—to whom the triumph of his "side" was everything, and who probably regarded the career of his predecessor as scarcely less injurious to his Church than that of Whately himself. The system of united education was a noble design; but whether it will long survive its Godparent is a question. Whately's withdrawal from the Board, and his tacit acquiescence in the activity of his family on behalf of Irish Church Missions and Dublin Ragged Schools and Refuges—we trust we may also add, an increasing appreciation of the administrative ability and the genuine piety of the man they had so long misunderstood—reconciled his clergy to him in the end; and the last ten years of his life were placidly spent in loving re-touchings of his favourite works and in the familiar quotations and re-quotations of himself which, if not wholly graceful, are at all events as amusing as they are pardonable. With the controversies that had arisen since his migration to Dublin he meddled little. The Tractarian movement even, though of course he entirely disapproved it, drew from him little beyond a tolerably obvious nickname—the "New-mania"—a little "stout predication," now and then, and some very characteristic "Cautions for the Times." But on the questions that are now emerging, so far as we know, he made no sign beyond an unfavourable notice of the *Essays and Reviews* in his latest charge. Theirs is a sort of "latitude" in which he had, constitutionally, no inclination to travel. His large munificence (of which his untiring kindness to Blanco White was only one among very many instances), his liberal and genial hospitality, his ever-ready wit, and his solid common sense remained with him to the last; and however minds may differ as to the value or the influence of his literary work, there will not be two opinions as to the sterling worth of the man.

#### THE PUFF DIRECT, À LA FRANÇAISE.

A NATION'S puffs may give as much insight into its character as its ballads or its laws. A puff, being naturally aimed at the latent wants and weaknesses of those to whom it is addressed, clearly indicates in what direction they are most plentiful. The future Buckle will be able to discern the stage of civilization at which a people has arrived by a critical analysis of the literature of contemporary puffery; and the researches of the philosophic historian will be miserably incomplete unless they comprehend the mass of advertisements, pamphlets, books, unfinished sentences, and wall-paintings, by which an age is made aware as well of its wants as of the best means of satisfying them. For instance, any attempt to conceive the state of this country in the seventh decade of the nineteenth century must be pale and ineffectual in result which should not take into account, in literature, the works of Messrs. Moses, and, in art, the immortal cartoons of Thorley. And he would be a negligent historian who failed to catch that glimpse into national character which a careful study of the literature of the Patent Holdfast Safe offers to the acute analyst. What a sublime height of public spirit and generous patriotism must a nation have reached when a citizen whose warehouse has been burnt down, and whose wife and children have perished in the flames, at about 3 A.M., can at 8.30 A.M. or thereabouts sit tranquilly down at his charred desk and write a concise but sincere letter of thanks to the patentees of the safe which, under Providence, preserved his ledger from conflagration! The philosopher will notice again, as no insignificant coincidence, that the epoch of Dr. Colenso was that also of Dr. Cockle, and that religious doubts were advertised by the side of Antibilious Pills; a people suffering from the terrible list of disorders which Cockle, Du Barry, and Holloway undertake to cure may well be sceptical about the authenticity of the Pentateuch, or the evidences of design in the universe. He will, moreover, be at no loss to form the proper generalization from the story, memorable in the annals of



puffery and advertising, how the walls of London were for months placarded with the announcement of what was believed to be a pious tract, entitled "Where has Eliza gone?" until a worldling, with unscrupulous adroitness, had pasted underneath, "Why, to the Casino in — Street!" And it would be difficult to find more conclusive evidence of the press-loving spirit of the age than that it produced and appreciated that inimitable work of art which long adorned our walls, representing Robinson Crusoe on the desert island, unmoved by every other element of his disastrous fate except the loss of his newspaper. Separation from friends, books, civilization, clothes, was tolerable, but the absence of the *Penny Newsman* was an irreparable catastrophe.

Such being the importance of the puff to the future, apart from its services to the present, it must surely be worth while to stray occasionally into the by-paths and remote places of puffery. It cannot be other than instructive to compare the puffs of various nations, and observe how far they support the popular notions about national characteristics. A very fine specimen of French puffing has recently made its appearance at Marseilles, and presents some features of novelty and interest to the connoisseur in that department of art. It is a "tout petit opusculé," dedicated to all foreigners, and has for its object to introduce them to the unrivalled splendour and comfort of the Grand Hotel du Louvre et de la Paix at Marseilles. In typography and general appearance, the opusculé could scarcely be distinguished from one of M. Dentu's inspired pamphlets, and in point of style and tone the resemblance is equally striking. There is as much profound gravity in it, and the same appeal to *principes*, as in *Le Pape et le Congrès*, or any other production of the same stamp. There are some cities, we are told, whose destiny seems to interest humanity at large, and Marseilles is one of them. To understand Marseilles you must ascend to the very fount of history, and discover "le germe, le fœtus" which was to develop into the grand metropolis of the South. The author discloses the "fœtus" of Marseilles in a sort of spasmodic epitome of the article "Massilia" in some classical dictionary, and concludes the historical portion of his opusculé with some fine writing which, we are disposed to think, excels even the best passages of the work on the Corsaletto. The Empire strove against the forces of united Europe. For long years "the ships of Marseilles slept a deep slumber beside the quays and rotted away, their keels resting motionless in the stagnant waters of a sepulchral port." But a grand future awaits the ancient city, as soon as Suez shall have been pierced; and Marseilles is girding up her loins and making herself worthy of that future. The first result of this great girding up is a monster hotel, and the writer avows that his task would be incomplete did he not point out this asylum, so worthy of the world, so worthy of the city. Considering that he was no doubt expressly hired and paid for pointing out the asylum, this engaging candour rather misses fire. The history of Marseilles will, for the future, be the history of the Hotel du Louvre et de la Paix, and the proprietor and architect have striven to the utmost to prove themselves adequate to the momentous task thus imposed upon them. Of course, even an hotel cannot be built in France except upon "une idée entièrement nouvelle;" and in the present case the new idea was to plan a building deliberately with a special view to "the numerous delicate exigencies of such an undertaking." M. Charles Pot, the architect, was penetrated with the burden of responsibility, and, after making patient and laborious studies on all the great hotels of Europe, he at last perfectly identified himself with all the requirements of the business. The particular result of this studious research is magnificent. We will leave it in the comparative obscurity of a foreign tongue:—

Nous éprouvons quelque embarras à dire, en termes convenables, les soins qu'il a apportés dans un certain détail du service, si déplorablement négligé. Là, partout de l'air, de l'eau, de l'espace et des doubles portes. . . . Une propreté hollandaise seule s'y fait sentir. Ces améliorations seront sûrement appréciées.

The culmination of M. Pot's genius and industry in these much called-for ameliorations may perhaps seem no very sublime height to an Englishman; but when we remember that the architect is a Frenchman, it is difficult to estimate his originality of mind too highly. M. Pot's talent was appreciated as it deserved to be by the proprietors, and he was allowed a *carte blanche* in the matter of expenditure. The question of economy was "severely discarded," and the total cost of the building reached three million francs. But it was justly felt that "the beauty of the contained should be worthy of the richness of the containing," and the upholsterer seems to have received the inspiration of the architect. The furniture was manufactured by "one of those loyal firms, enamoured of their noble art, and careful to preserve the ancient tradition of free labour—in a word, the rare bird of Juvenal." As the bricks and mortar were the embodiment of "une idée entièrement nouvelle," so the chairs had metaphysical bottoms, and the sofas were stuffed with philosophical principles. "The Beautiful flows from Harmony! Without this science, whose laws remain unwritten, and are borne within the bosom of every man of taste, you produce fancy, originality—frail goddesses with whom the world amuses itself to-day, only to crush them to-morrow. But only the True, which is the Beautiful, lasts to Eternity." Such were the "principes sévères" after which the Grand Hotel was furnished. A coarse-minded Briton may complain that among these *principes* "le Comfortable" has no place. He would find small consolation for a hard and unaccommodating chair in the fact that he was sitting upon an Idea, or for an uncomfortable bed

by remembering that he was tossing restlessly about among the True and the Beautiful.

But the enthusiasm of our guide waxes strongest when he approaches the table. Possibly the reward for his eloquence may have been a free entry to the pleasures of that table. He begins by a touching tribute to the services of the first and most enterprising of gourmands. As if opening an historical romance, he commences by telling how, "At the time when Pericles was wont to refresh himself after public business at the feet of the divine Aspasia, a singular fancy passed into the head of a Man." This Man was rich and *spirituel*, and one fine day, wearied with the monotony of the dishes which appeared at his table, he set forth to demand from the whole world the secrets of its cookery. With the courage which the palate always inspires, he traversed the whole of the habitable globe. As Alexander or Philip rushed over the world with fire and sword, so did this Man with stewpan and toasting-fork. "He discovered forty-five ways of dressing eggs. To-day there are seventy-two ways—there is progress." These succulent discoveries were published to the world in a poem. "Cet homme, c'était Archestratè de Syracuse!!!" We are then gracefully reminded of Apicius, Lucullus, and others; but it is in France during the eighteenth century that we must look for the spectacle of truly brilliant minds, tormented with glory, plunging into the study—"abstraite mais nourissante"—of gastronomy. And these illustrious men were no mere theorists; they were not afraid to dive up to the elbow into dough, and they loved to don the white apron and confront the fires of the furnace. "Ah!" exclaims the author of the opusculé, with warmth, "que l'amour de la science est une belle chose!!!" Distinguished men, in our own degenerate day, are in this respect equally great. Alexandre Dumas never dines so well as when he has prepared his own dinner. He is full of curious receipts. "Ask him, for example, the best way of eating leveret; he will give you three, one of which will plunge you into the profoundest amazement." The tender, the sublime Rossini, cooks macaroni à l'Italienne to perfection, and he will tell you with charming geniality that his *tagliarini au fromage de Parme* have won for him as much admiration as the overture to *William Tell* or the *Barbère*. After this charming sketch we come to business:—

Nous allons faire un éloge, grave mais juste; nous allons consacrer ce qui l'est depuis longtemps par l'opinion publique. A côté des noms fameux que nous venons de citer, nous allons placer un nouveau nom, celui de

CHARLES ECHALLIER.

qui avec M. Joseph Falquet forme l'heureuse association qui dirige le Grand Hotel, &c.

Ten thousand grateful stomachs are ready to endorse this eulogy. His dinners are so scientifically calculated that insensibly, and without effort, the appetite acquires an inconceivable intensity, and, beginning by *petits pois*, you would end by swallowing a whale if Echallier would invent a sauce for it. Here you find no fault of syntax in the *enchaînement* of the dishes; the culinary phrase is perfect, and to change or add a word would be to spoil its profoundly logical sense. Every word—that is, every dish—is in its place. Like the figures in a number, it represents two values—its relative and its intrinsic value. Displace it, change its order, and all is destroyed, the masterpiece has disappeared. It may be taken as an axiom of gastronomy that "un diner mal digéré était un diner malservi." After dining with Echallier, a man may go to his business or his pleasures with as little danger as if he had dined on two roast apples and a crust of rye bread. The Mayonnaises and Croustades of Echallier are of European repute, and even in India many an Englishman remembers the "pudding-cream" which made him forget the pudding of his country.

But the table has a soul as well as a body. The soul of the table, unlike that of man, is not in the head but at the foot—*c'est la Cave*. Wines are "le principe, le lien, et souvent la cause d'un bon diner." Wine—good wine, mind—would impart understanding to the brutes, "si l'homme commettait la sottise de leur en donner." Besides containing authentic wines, the cellar of the Grand Hotel gives "a generous asylum to those delicious and intoxicating English beers which almost make the Frenchman in England cease to regret wine," just as Echallier's pudding-creams make Englishmen forget *plum-pudding*. In every respect, in short, the hotel is inimitable. To speak in the favourite style of the writer of the opusculé, "Le Grand Hotel du Louvre et de la Paix c'est la civilization, c'est le vrai, c'est l'homme!!!" On the whole, it must be admitted that the French puff is superior in scholarship, wit, and audacity to the puffs of England. We trust that Messrs. Moses or Mr. Thorley will see to this, and, by applying a proper stimulus to the poets, historians, and philosophers of their respective establishments, remove our point of national inferiority.

#### EDUCATION OF FARMERS.

AMONG the available means of raising the condition of the peasant, there is one which we believe has not yet received its due measure of consideration, and which is certainly little discussed by the speakers at agricultural dinners. We allude to the improved education of his master. It is perfectly reasonable to entertain the hope that the labourer may gradually become an independent man—less of an unreflecting serf, less painfully recalling in face and gait the stolid nature of his own cart-horses, more able and more determined to use his own powers of body and mind to his

own best advantage. But, in the meantime, his interests are bound up with those of his employer. It is not, as a matter of fact, possible to make the labourer an intelligent and well-off member of society, wholly irrespective of the farmer who supplies the market for his labour. And if the co-operation of the farmer is wanted, the farmer must first be in a condition to help.

There is probably no class in English society more uninteresting than that of the average cultivator of the soil. None is less understood beyond the range of certain narrow limits. Happily for him, he does not figure largely in fiction; but if by any chance his qualities are sketched, they are pretty sure to be caricatured. The prototype of the old conventional specimen, with blue coat and brass buttons, top-boots and red waistcoat, has disappeared from the face of things. We have now two distinct bodies of larger farmers—the comparatively small holder and the *really* large one—the man of from two to five hundred acres, and the man of from one to two thousand. We are obliged to draw these distinctions because there still exists in many portions of England—as in parts of the metropolitan county of Kent, and the adjacent Weald of Sussex, and in the mountain tracts of the midland counties—a still smaller class who farm from their dozen to their hundred acres. With these, whom we may term the “peasant farmers,” we are not now concerned, although the question of their education is not less important, and is much more difficult, than that of the larger holders. The comparatively small holder, in spite of his many prejudices, is often possessed of the tastes and feelings of a gentleman; but he has no position in society, and his means are of the scantiest. There is no calling which yields so small a return in proportion to the capital required. Without some supplementary string to his bow, such as sheep-dealing, corn-dealing, or maltstering, he finds it hard to draw more than a bare living from his land, and has to get his labour done as cheaply as possible in order to make both ends meet. Besides this, such a holding as he occupies not uncommonly occasions a life of idleness and pretence. The farmer has left off working with his own hands, excepting at harvest-time; and three hundred acres do not afford either management or profit sufficient for the energies and expenses of a vigorous man with a touch of refinement about him.

On the other hand, it is not easy to overrate the advantages which a large tenancy brings with it. In several of the flourishing agricultural districts of England, farms are steadily increasing in size. The landlord naturally prefers the large holding, as one house and fewer buildings suffice, and his repairs are less—to say nothing of his getting a man who has from four to ten thousand pounds of capital. There is better management in these cases, and steam-ploughing is adopted to a large extent. The holders are active and intelligent men, who form a very powerful body, and are not, as in former days, overborne by the landlord's influence. They are content with a moderate interest on their capital, in consideration of a good house, healthy employment, field sports, and more leisure and independence than can be enjoyed in other pursuits. They improve the breed of sheep and of horned cattle; and, besides adopting machinery, make free use of artificial manures. In them may be often recognised the ideal of the old English yeoman, not unmarked, however, by the inevitable modifications of a later civilization.

These two classes of men—the comparatively large and comparatively small holders—differ widely in the respects we have just stated, and in many others besides. But there is one point in which they resemble each other, and are akin to the peasant farmer. All have dropped behind in the race of education. Their sons, speaking generally, are not only worse educated than the youth of the classes above them, but not unfrequently—strange as it may sound—they are no better instructed than the sons of their own labourers. We are, of course, not forgetting that many a large farmer can, and occasionally does, send his son to a public school, and even to the University. But in the majority of cases, the sons either succeed their father, or go into business or a profession, in either of which events they are sent to a middle school. Grammar schools in country towns are undoubtedly, to a small extent, patronized by this class; but it is rarely that a small grammar school can afford the machinery necessary for the successful encouragement of special instruction. Nor can it supply that scope for the development of a boy's character which, in a great public school, reconciles many a father to what he regards as the waste of time spent upon classics and mathematics. As to the ordinary middle school, the remark is not new, and it is unquestionably near the truth, that the National schools are leaving it in the lurch. There is a widely-spread feeling of dissatisfaction with the existing middle schools, while the demand for sound education is decidedly on the increase throughout the class by which they are supported. A long period will probably have to elapse before the University schemes for local examination bear the expected fruit of a real elevation in tone and efficiency; and the time appears to have arrived when a new experiment may safely be tried on a larger scale than has hitherto been thought possible—we mean, the gradual establishment of middle schools which shall not be private speculations at all, but public institutions. There seems to be no reason why the public school system should not be adapted to the sons of yeomen, tradesmen, and professional men, as well as to boys one step higher in the social scale. Let a well-considered scheme with this end in view be carried out in one or two counties, and the example will be soon followed by a dozen more. There is nothing in the proposal that need alarm those in whose judgment class-education

is a fallacy. A farmers' school, or a lawyers' school, would imply a degree of exclusiveness that would justly come under the ban of sound economy and sound sense; but a school that should include the sons of the average farmer, the average country lawyer, and their equals in position and requirement, would have at least as broad a foundation as Marlborough or Cheltenham—one may almost add, high terms being equally restrictive with low ones, as broad as Eton or Harrow. Mr. Woodard's school at Hurstpierpoint, and still more the lower middle school which he proposes to found at Balcombe, also in Sussex, are bold attempts to meet the want. Devon is already feeling the way. An institution called the Devon County School has been recently started, keeping in view precisely the ends that we have described. It enjoys the warm patronage of the present Earl Fortescue, a wise and enlightened dealer with questions like these. The choice of a head master is justly said by him to be the most vital point of any. The brilliant success of Marlborough furnishes a case in point. What has been achieved there is principally due to the exertions of two remarkable men, each pre-eminently well qualified to deal with the circumstances in which he found the school. Under guidance such as theirs, low terms will never imply a low tone. We see no reason why a university man in orders should not be placed at the head of these, as well as of higher schools. Indeed, to work the scheme successfully, the appointment of a man so qualified would seem essential. In order to counteract any chance of local influence in the choice of a master, to say nothing of other reasons, an infusion of county “magnates” into the Council would be an indispensable measure. These, including the Lord-Lieutenant, the members, the sheriff, and so forth, would constitute one half, more or less, of the governing body. The system of shares and rate of payment would be so arranged as to leave no margin for money profit, the sole return consisting in the soundness and cheapness of the education given. A nomination would be conferred by one share or two, according to value. As time passed on, scholarships and exhibitions would be founded; and the undertaking might ultimately become, in Lord Fortescue's words—

A school of a character to inspire the pupils, while there and afterwards, with some of those feelings towards it and each other, which, in their present intensity, accumulated through many generations, constitute the most precious inheritance enjoyed by those time-honoured foundations (the great public schools), and are among their most powerful influence for good.

The same authority, in a recently published letter, dives still further into the future, and hints at the possibility of a chartered corporation of schools for the middle class:—

If, as there seems some reason to expect, the movement (county schools) should spread into other counties, it would be worth considering whether a more comprehensive charter should not be sought, to place the school Boards on something of a federative footing; possibly giving to their union somewhat of the character of a university—of humbler pretensions indeed, as being established for a less wealthy class, than the University of London (which it would only supplement, not supersede, as that has supplemented Oxford and Cambridge); but still with powers in some respects analogous to those under which the University of London admits and recognises, as colleges of its own, educational establishments dispersed far and wide away from the metropolis.

We need not follow Lord Fortescue to the full length of this sanguine anticipation. But let us remember that we daily witness the success of undertakings which our grandfathers reckoned far more unsubstantial dreams than a thorough reformation of middle schools need be reckoned by us. We may add here that the example of Devon has recently been followed by Dorset, where a County School has just commenced which promises to have a successful and highly useful career. The enterprise has been started under excellent auspices, and is warmly welcomed, we believe, by the principal members of the wide class which it is designed to benefit.

Passing by a crowd of minor objections which are sure to beset any proposal of this kind, we may encounter one or two of a graver character, and taking a wider range. It may always be pleaded with effect, that to concentrate effort upon the improvement of existing institutions is a sounder policy than to start an entirely novel scheme. We are not aware, however, that there is anything novel in the principle of a scheme like the Devon and Dorset County Schools. The system is intended to be as near an approximation as possible to the system of the old English public school. Its novelty consists in the extension of its benefits to a large and important section of society who have hitherto scarcely known them. It has been well remarked that the social instincts are probably less developed in the “middle level” of society than in either the wealthy ranks or the working class. Co-operation in a scheme of a thoroughly public character would, therefore, be specially calculated to benefit the middle classes. And so far from draining off activity which might be more profitably expended in improving present establishments, the competition of a new and well-directed scheme would be the likeliest thing to infuse new spirit into the good private schools, and to work the removal of the worthless.

What makes, perhaps, a more forcible objection is that the farming class are even more in need of agricultural colleges than of improved schools. More and cheaper agricultural colleges they undoubtedly do want. A lad of fifteen or sixteen is constantly removed from school, out of which it is supposed, not without reason, that he has got all that he is likely to get. He returns home, ostensibly to look after his father's men, but in reality to bestow more particular attention on his dog and gun. This is the



time that should be spent in an agricultural college. Two or three years well laid out then, in a really well-organized institution, would do much to make the young farmer a more successful economist and a better master. But, warmly as an increase of colleges is to be desired, we must work up to them, not downwards from them. A sound reorganization of school-life and school-work for this class is the first great step which will lead to a more general demand for the higher kinds of education, and provide a safer basis of reform in that direction.

## POETRY ON THE STAGE.

TO some persons who are on their road home from Drury Lane Theatre after witnessing the performance of *Manfred*, a very disagreeable question may possibly suggest itself. If the study of ideal literature has largely occupied their leisure hours—or if they have earned a reputation among intellectual ladies as ardent lovers of those two fascinating abstractions, the Beautiful and True—the disagreeableness of the question must be so intense that, if it arises, they will try forcibly to dismiss it from their minds, as an Evangelical spinster who has had a worldly education will sweep from her memory the naughty chapters of Gibbon, if they chance to recur when the hour for family prayer has arrived. The disagreeable question is this—Is poetry of the slightest use in theatrical representation? And that it may appear with all the undisguised repulsiveness of its hideous mien, let it be distinctly understood. There is poetry that is not verse, and there is verse that is not poetry. Some think there is poetry in an express train, while others are of opinion that the railway has broken up poetry into prose. Then there is a whole invisible library of poetry that was never written, and in which the sage who appears in Wordsworth's *Excursion* was a great proficient. This might be fitly set to that inaudible music to which the clown in *Othello* refers as the perfection of composition. Some admit that there is such a thing as bad poetry, while others contend that, without a certain degree of merit that rises above mediocrity, a literary work cannot be poetry at all. But the question is not to be put off by the vagueness which uncertain definition necessarily engenders. By "poetry" is here meant any amount of versified discourse which, neither explaining the plot nor assisting the action, demands appreciation on account of its imagery or of its imaginative truth—on the score, in short, of any of those elements which constitute what is commonly called a "fine passage."

By the performance of *Manfred* the disagreeable question is apparently answered in the negative. The poetical meditations of the remorseful magician are charmingly declaimed by Mr. Phelps; and, though the house is large and the actor's voice is far from strong, no one can reasonably complain that he has not fairly heard the language of Byron. Yet when the first few speeches have been heard, and the elocutionary powers have been honoured with more than usual emphasis that Mr. Phelps's appearance at the so-called "National" theatre may be duly recognised, it is quite obvious that the rest of the drama merely excites interest by means of pictorial effects, and that, when the poetry flows on without the advantage of some object striking to the eye, or seems to retard the change from one striking object to another, it is either wholly disregarded or heard with ill-favour as a superfluous cause of tedium. People like the Pepperian apparition before which Manfred falls with a "crushed heart." They admire the precipice of the Jungfrau, and the practicable path by which Manfred and the chamois-hunter ascend the mountain crag. They applaud with enthusiasm a mechanical waterfall, and the many-coloured spangles that, imitative of spray, are showered on the head of Miss Heath, when she rises as the Witch of the Alps. They are excited by the infernal glare and bustle of the Hall of Ahrimanes. But directly they are expected to occupy their minds with something that is not merely addressed to the eye, they fall into listless apathy. The third act is without remarkable scenic illustration, and therefore, in spite of the death of Manfred and the indubitable popularity of the actor who sustains the part, the play comes to a tame conclusion. As a showy spectacle, *Manfred* may perhaps display some of that attractive power which belonged to it nearly thirty years ago, when it was brought out at Covent Garden, but that Byron's poetical language will have nothing to do with its success is clear beyond the possibility of doubt.

Here it may be fairly objected that the question as to the utility of poetry for theatrical purposes is not adequately answered by the performance of such a work as *Manfred*. That singular poem was not written for the stage; it is devoid of the action that is essential to a play, properly so called; and the fact that undramatic poetry fails to excite pleasure in a mixed audience furnishes no argument that dramatic poetry will be found equally uninteresting. In this reasoning there is much that is sound as well as plausible; but it may be argued, on the other side, that if poetry unaccompanied by action produces no pleasure at all when uttered on the stage, we may fairly doubt whether, when the poetry and action are associated together, much of the pleasure of the audience is derived from the former. Suppose the characters of a play could be presented with equal force without the aid of poetry, would the absence of poetry be felt as a defect?

At the first glance, the all-potent name of Shakespeare seems utterly to dispose of the question, and to force an

affirmative when the negative smacks so unpleasantly of prosaic truth. But Shakespeare furnishes no conclusive argument. The plays that have rendered him immortal in the eyes of the masses, who know him through the medium of the stage only, are precisely those in which action most abounds. Speaking of *Hamlet*, Mr. G. H. Lewes, in his biography of Goethe, says:—

Only consider for a moment the striking effects it has—in the Ghost; the tyrant murderer; the terrible adulterous Queen; the melancholy hero doomed to so awful a fate; the poor Ophelia, broken-hearted and dying in madness; the play within a play, entrapping the conscience of the King; the ghastly mirth of grave-diggers; the funeral of Ophelia, interrupted by a quarrel over her grave between her brother and her lover; and, finally, the bloody dénouement.

All this, he has already said, "amuses thousands annually." It is not to be supposed, however, that *Hamlet* would please an audience by a bald exhibition of the action, shorn of the poetical language. The text of the play is vaguely familiar to a large portion of the public; and if one of the long soliloquies to which playgoers have been accustomed were omitted, a sense of incompleteness would be aroused, and the audience would think they had not received for their money all that had been promised. But in this case the dissatisfied persons would all be more or less acquainted with the omitted speeches, and their dissatisfaction would furnish no solution to the question whether *Hamlet* would afford less gratification if the famous soliloquy "To be or not to be" had never been written. To that large class of tolerably educated persons who have chiefly become acquainted with Shakespeare through the medium of extracts, there is not a more familiar speech than Clarence's description of his own dream in *Richard III.*; yet its absence from Cibber's version of the play is never observed, nor has it ever conducted one iota towards the maintenance of the original text upon the stage in lieu of the adaptation.

Here it may be observed that certain speeches of Shakespeare that might be omitted without detriment to the main action are not only heard with attention, but, if well spoken, are honoured with distinctive applause. *Hamlet* might easily do, or leave undone, whatever duty has imposed upon him, without putting to himself the momentous question with which his soliloquy begins. Portia could just as effectually defeat Shylock without uttering her well-known apostrophe to Mercy. Yet it is at the end of these speeches, and of others like them, that the performer particularly expects applause—nay, thinks himself ill-used if he does not obtain it. This fact is in favour of the utility of poetry on the stage; but it may be met by the remark that the speeches in question have long been regarded as tests of elocutionary talent, and that the applause is partly given as an acknowledgment that the actor has fairly passed through a prescribed ordeal. Let it be added that, when a play has remained long upon the stage, certain points in the dialogue become as it were cues of admiration, which is directly and instinctively expressed. One might suppose that in the whole compass of written and spoken discourse there could not be found a less stimulating proposition than the very safe and prudential maxim "Ne quid nimis;" yet, whenever it is uttered by Sosia in the Westminster Play, it is the signal for a roar of enthusiastic delight. In situations where violent passion is expressed, there is no doubt that force is given to the expression by elevation of language and the ring of blank verse. But these are situations in which least of all poetry exerts an independent power. The audience are carried away by a compound outburst which can scarcely be analysed, and it is possible that the poetical language may be but a useful accessory, after all. At any rate, the actor is all-potent in these passionate displays; and it is certain that, when violent rage or grief is to be portrayed, a tragedian of genius could do more with the baldest prose, or even with mere ejaculation, than could be accomplished by a cold declaimer who spoke the finest poetry in the world.

Hitherto, the investigation of the question with which we started seems to justify the surmise that, however indispensable poetry may be to plays long established as poetical, it is but slightly conducive to the success of works altogether new to the public. As a necessary consequence of this surmise, it follows that the connexion between poetry and the stage is merely accidental, and that the latter can as well exist without the former as the former without the latter. The state of the drama in which plays almost cease to be regarded as literature is thus quite in the natural order of things, and need not be looked upon as miraculously calamitous. But was there ever a time when poetry was essential to dramatic success with a mixed audience? This question is not to be solved in a moment. If we turn over the tragedies of Sophocles, which may be fairly considered the most perfect exponents of the Greek ideal, we shall find that in the dialogues there is little that can be called poetry, if we demand something beyond what is simply required to explain the story and action and to develop the personages, and that everything like exuberance is thrown into the choruses. These choruses too—for whom were they written? Are we to suppose that the throng who filled an Athenian theatre, and had no book of the words, understood them as well as an Exeter Hall audience understands the words of an orator? These lyrics could not have been easier to comprehend than is the poetry of *Manfred* to a London public. We are forced into the hypothesis that the poet chiefly had in contemplation the applause of a select body of friends, to whom he intended to read his work in private, far apart from the noise and bustle of the theatre.

Whence arose that wealth of poetry which we find in the Elizabethan drama? Was it a liberal supply occasioned by an

urgent public demand, or was it simply the result of the circumstance that the poets, finding a source of profit in the newly-founded stage, made plays to attract the public, and enriched them with poetry at the dictate of their own inspiration? When a dramatic entertainment was in itself a novelty, when every tragic collision came fresh to the mind of the public, scarcely any story represented by action would appear "slow," nor would the poetry of the author seem to occupy the time that ought to be devoted to some other kind of enjoyment. To a young miss in her teens the "first ball" can hardly be a bore, however large the amount of tedious twaddle talked by her partners; and even if their conversation is brilliant, it will probably not increase the amount of her gratification to any sensible extent. The plays that followed the Restoration seem to have been written expressly in order to court approbation by their literary merit, and though they are filled with much bombastic and artificial stuff that is scarcely recognised as poetry now, this very fustian was undoubtedly considered poetry both by the writers and the persons whom they addressed. But then it must be borne in mind that the plays in question were formerly dedicated to some nobleman who was deemed a *Mæcenas* in his time, and that they were obviously intended to be read as well as acted. Ugly prints of tragedies and comedies in quarto as much belonged to the light literature of the reign of Charles II. as "serial" novels to that of the present day. The dramatic writers, therefore, contemplated another and a more select public than that which made up the bulk of a theatrical audience—to say nothing of the circumstance that the writers of the Restoration formed a class the members of which could make an occupation of flattering and satirizing each other.

But, whatever may have been the case in past times, the melancholy fact is pretty well established that new dramatic poetry is of the smallest possible value now, as far as the interests of the stage are concerned, except only the poetry of burlesque. The emotions of pity and terror seem to be best awakened by prose, but, for a certain species of drollery, rhyme at any rate seems to be indispensable. Our modern playgoers love poetry after the fashion of a lady described in one of those humorous papers with which, in their day, the brothers Smith enlivened the magazines. In the days of courtship, the lady has professed to be an adorer of poetry, and on the faith of this profession her husband, a few weeks after marriage, reads Milton's *Lycidas*. She finds the effusion tedious, but when reproached with inconsistency she bravely defends herself by asserting a predilection for something "funny," and asking her husband to read *Peter Pindar* or the *Tour of Doctor Syntax*.

## REVIEWS.

### PORTRAITS OF LADIES.\*

THE Duke of Doudeauville has recently published the eleventh volume of his valuable works, and we hope there are still some people to admire and appreciate them. They are not quite in the English style, but the French have their own way of going on, and although so enormous a mass of literature from the pen of the Duke of Doudeauville would scarcely be endured here, it may have a chance on the other side of the Channel. The greater part of this eleventh volume is taken up with what he calls a Gallery of Women. This gallery consists of a series of sketches of ladies of his acquaintance. The Duke appears to have amused himself with putting down on paper all the traits of character he could observe in any lady who charmed or interested him sufficiently. These sketches, when completed, were shown to their subjects, and were therefore for the most part flattering. The manner of their construction is generally pretty much the same. Perhaps the lady is directly addressed, and the character is sketched in the second person; or else the tribute is not quite so immediate, and the lady figures merely as a character of contemporary history. The Duke's friends appear to have been pleased with the performances, and to have got into the way of asking him to draw them. Most of the portraits are begun with such sentences as "You ask me for your portrait, Leontine," and so on; and to one of them there is a formal beginning, setting out that a certain French lady of his acquaintance had married as her second husband M. Willich, "one of the greatest calculators of England," and that she had a niece, and that the two implored him to let them know what the elder lady's own daughter by her first husband was really like, which he did, and he presented them with an elaborate account of this young woman, in which her mamma had the satisfaction of learning, on the authority of a Duke, that her Cecile was "a feeble rose-tree that bends to the will of the wind but would resist a tempest," that "her physiognomy changes as often as her thousand thoughts," that she is absorbed by all she does, and, once at her piano, the world seems a desert—besides a great many other pretty things of the same sort, which of course a mother could never have observed if she had not been helped.

It is a passion with many people to learn what others think of them, and of those with whom they are nearly connected; and if

they cannot get the opinion of a friend, they will take that of a stranger. Some little time ago, it was the fashion to send twelve stamps and a piece of manuscript to regular professional decipherers of character, and, by return of post, the character was sent back, and always gave great satisfaction. The decipherer took care to make the whole pleasant and satisfactory in a general way, and then to throw in a few special touches. Sometimes he was right, sometimes he was wrong; but very often he was found to have discovered the trait for the first time, and the subjects of the description and their friends honestly worked themselves into the belief that the new revelation was quite true, and a wonderful piece of insight. Nor is it hard to so put a quality that it may almost strike those who read of it as if it must be true. Supposing an unknown decipherer, with the prestige of a secret and almost superhuman art, assures a lady that her handwriting shows her to be "fanciful, but yet sober; a keen calculator, indifferent to results; the prey of beggars, whom she, however, avoids; and scarcely suspecting the depth of her love before it has been given." Who, she feels, is she, that she should say that the wise man is not right? and her friends are very ready to help her to believe, and even perhaps to suggest that they themselves had suspected, the existence of this very combination of qualities in her, only they had not known how to express themselves. The Duke appears to have been an adept in all these little secrets of success, and to have sprinkled his vague and complimentary descriptions with enigmatic hints of a marvellous variety of elements of character. His resources are not, indeed, very copious. He always praises the persons of the ladies, or he would never be forgiven. He then gives a general praise of their minds; and, finally, addresses their organs of wonder and veneration by letting them know that he has dived into the recesses of their hearts, and sees that their hidden qualities are in strange contradiction to their apparent ones, although both are united by a subtle harmony. The following account which he gives of a certain "Zoe Comtesse du Cayla" will show how he sets to work. The original extends over three or four pages, but the main features are collected in this extract:—

#### ZOE COMTESSE DU CAYLA.

Madame du Cayla may appear studied. She is difficult to know; for to know her implies that you are on her level, and few can reach that height.

Madame du Cayla is a union of the strangest contrasts. She is the most fascinating and the most cruel person in the world—an angel, a demon, an abyss!—a being at once feeble and strong; independent, and yet easily led away; a mind capable and lively; a character very firm, and yet very undecided.

Inconstant in her tastes, but persistent in her feelings, this distinguished person likes to please the old as much as the young, women as much as men. She will sometimes take an old man into her favour, confound young men by her lively sallies, astonish men of ripe age by the correctness of her judgment, win over to her even old women by the deference she pays them. As to the young women, she knows how to disarm their malice by not appearing to observe it.

Madame du Cayla shows an astonishing facility in everything she takes up; but she has cultivated too many different talents to have attained perfection in any.

She loves expense, and does not always calculate exactly how much she has to spend.

This woman, so seductive in the world, astonishes her men of business by the ease with which she traces all the windings of chicanery. When advice of different kinds is given her, she chooses that which is the best, and turns it to a better use than its author could have conceived.

Exempt from prudery and affectation, Madame du Cayla will sometimes laugh at a pleasantry, without reflecting that she may be blamed for having understood it.

She knows how to hold her tongue, and never says more than she means to say, except when an impetuous movement carries her beyond the bounds of reason.

She is certainly the most piquant, the most amiable, and the most inexplicable model that a painter of character could place on his canvas. It is not without pride that I say that this portrait is that of a friend.

It is, perhaps, natural that ladies should like to have their characters described, and that they should even be thankful to a Duke who lets them know that they are demons and angels at once. Strong-minded women might even endure without emotion to hear that they are "abysses." Educated ladies at Paris are probably above feeling indignation like that of the fish-woman whom O'Connell called an "isosceles triangle." But we should have thought that the indispensable condition of their tolerance was complete privacy. Yet these *Portraits of Ladies* were not merely circulated among the friends and acquaintances of the ladies described, but they have been published, and at the head of each sketch is the name in full of its original. It strikes us as a wonderful fancy that a Duke should describe by name in print the ladies of his acquaintance, and that they should like the process. It is startling to find one lady brought before the public as a problem, and another as an abyss, and the general world admitted to a knowledge of parts of character which a nice reserve would be inclined to conceal from the vulgar. However, we can only suppose that the French ladies like this sort of thing. Still there must have been occasions when the lady described might have reasonably wished that she had been consulted before her literary photograph was given to the world. We wonder whether the Elizabeth of the following sketch was quite satisfied with her portrait:—

#### ELIZABETH COMTESSE H. DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

In truth, Elizabeth, you sometimes seem so disdainful that I am overcome with fear when I take up my pen to draw your portrait.

\* *Memoires de M. De La Rochefoucauld, Duc de Doudeauville. Onzième volume. Paris: Lévy. 1863.*



Let us hasten to say that it is difficult for any woman to be more graceful, more lovely, or to be more universally obliging.

You please every one, but do not like every one. Still you conceal your dislikes so gracefully that no one can suspect them.

Reasonable by instinct, and through the influence of a will which exercises a great empire over you yourself, you love society, pleasure, and dancing, more especially the polka, in which you excel.

You are ready in speech, and piquant in repartee; you know how to captivate the attention of your auditors without owing this advantage to a powerful voice or to a clear and ringing pronunciation.

You always dress in exquisite taste, and it is hard to decide whether it is your dress that gives the charm to your figure, or your figure that gives the charm to your dress.

*Ennui* weighs heavily on you, but you know how to support it. You exercise a control over yourself, and love to exercise also a control over others.

You are displeased if you are not understood at the first glance; and opposition irritates while it amuses you.

Although you assume the air of never wanting anything, you always want something; you are a little imperious; but your empire is secure because it is wielded with grace.

You are lively, fixed, and gentle in your ideas; but you know too well the duties of a mother, a wife, a sister, and a friend, to forget them.

Generally people understand you very little, and you like to hold yourself up as a problem.

With extreme address you give every one hopes of pleasing you; and men pass before you like marionnettes whom it amuses you to set playing at your will.

I think I have divined your character, *Elisa*, but I am sure beforehand that you will not own the truthfulness of the portrait. I do not wish you to be grateful to me. I only wish you to remember me.

There is not much chance, perhaps, of the Duke's fashion being followed in England, and our great ladies, however fond they may be of publicity, would scarcely wish to have their admirers disclose in print that in them the demon and the angel are inexplicably mixed. But in private circles something might be made of the Duke's example. It might not be unamusing to fix on a lady and to describe her as the Duke of Doudeauville would have described her. All women have got characters since the days of Pope; and every woman knows exactly what the characters of her female friends are. A lady, or some male friend, could have no difficulty in finding enough to say, if they adopted the easy arts of the Duke, and used his recipe for committing a portrait of a character to writing. It is not hard to do, and we may be sure other friends, or perhaps the lady herself, would delight in discovering the subtlety and accuracy of the likeness. Let us suppose any English lady were fixed on, and then the description might run something in this way:—

TO ALICE, MISS JONES.

I choose you, Miss, as the type of a woman, as the embodiment of my dreams. Accept your portrait, which, if it would flatter others, is only just to you.

Your hair is brown, but shaded like the sand beneath the coral beds. Your violet eyes repose like heaven-reflecting lakes among those eyelashes so long, so fine, so dark.

Your figure has the grace of waving height, and your voice murmurs like the bell of matin prayer, or of the passing soul, to those you favour or reject.

That good great-uncle of yours, for many years a ship-builder with success, receives from you more than the devotion of a grand-niece. You manage his servants with dexterity, and are at once economical and liberal in your housekeeping.

You are true; but a thousand times more true to women than to men. Your nature bids you be so, and yet we men, too, delight in your free fine spirit of a guileless coquetry.

You never knew the teachings or the trammels of a boarding-school. Instinct taught you to rival art and anticipate science in the music and singing which win you, not only the homage of your friends, but the approbation of professors.

Your passion is for the large, the noble—for thoughts crystallized in stone. From your girlhood you have longed to plan a cathedral, as an expression of what is most profound in your heart, and of your resistance to difficulties that may rise before you. Such a nature turns from the petty devices of the vain; it cannot find peace in aquariums and ferneries.

With the courage of a lion, and a heart open like the wind, you are capable of all sacrifices, even of conscience itself, for your friends. Adieu, Alice, in whom the woman still survives in the angel.

#### THE PHILOSOPHY OF SOCIETY.\*

**T**WO views of human society and its destinies contended for popularity almost from what is called the dawn of philosophy down to within the last hundred years. One was, that mankind grew weaker and wickeder from generation to generation, and that all the tendencies of the race were to ruin. Nor was there wanting much to justify this melancholy estimate of human prospects, though it doubtless owed something to that feeling of superiority over their children which the pride of fathers and patriarchal usage nursed. Every community which had begun to reflect felt that it was corrupt, while the unconscious vices of earlier ages had left no tradition; and there is really something worse and more dangerous in conscious than in unconscious immorality. It is certain, too, that when men had built cities in the plain, they invented many new forms of evil, and lived less manly and wholesome lives than their wandering shepherd ancestors. Add to this that, as a matter of fact, every ancient political society perished. None was found strong enough to bear prosperity or extension beyond a certain point, and successive empires advanced only to their own destruction. In realities such as these, in the human heart, in the dissolute and dissolving state of every nation that attained considerable size

and strength, the moralist might well think he had discovered the ground of an induction that the movement of mankind was retrogressive. There was, however, another theory—a theory of cycles of human vicissitudes recurring like the seasons. There was, according to this view, no new thing under the sun, nothing which had not been already of old time. In the panorama of the physical and moral world the sacred philosopher saw stability and uniformity in the midst of apparent change, and deduced one law for the past, the present, and the future. "The thing that hath been is that which shall be, and that which is done is that which shall be done." The same line of thought appears in the Greek theory of the political cycle. Monarchy splits into oligarchy; the many revolt against the misrule of the few; democracy in turn is rescued from anarchy by a single head, and so monarchy comes round again. Such seemed, to many sagacious thinkers after Polybius, the fatal circle of political society. Lord Bacon's caution or time-serving policy deprived the world of a Baconian political philosophy; but, in spite of the hopeful view of human prospects with which he contemplated the advancement of learning, he seems to have held to the doctrine of the cycle in reference to the general movement of humanity. A martial youth of States, a middle age of learning, and a mechanical and mercantile old age, is a theory of the vicissitudes of things which, though it has something in common with the modern theory of the decline of the military element in the progress of society, suggests a very different future for civilization from that contemplated by the latter theory. Again, in his *Essay on Innovations*, Bacon speaks of time, not as moving steadily on, but as moving "round," as though society advanced in a path which returns into itself. It was not until the latter part of the last century that the successive triumphs of the human mind in the field of knowledge, along with new political ideas, began to give currency to a notion of the tendencies of the age and of human destinies, the novelty of which appears both in the absence of any good old word to express it, and in the boastful and obtrusive frequency with which it has been trumpeted as something modern and glorious.

But the very facts which constitute what is called the progress of mankind add greatly to the difficulty of constructing anything like an adequate theory of society and its future. In what are called stationary communities, so far as they are really stationary, there is, in fact, nothing new under the sun, and it may be reasonably believed that the thing which is done is that which shall be done. In most ancient nations, through the most violent political vicissitudes, much remained standing and stable, and it was what most concerned the life of man. His customs, his traditions, his beliefs, his manner of life, remained for the most part unaffected, though dynasties were changed and empires were shattered above his head. Had statistics formed a part of ancient philosophy, the regularity or periodicity of social phenomena would have been found much more striking than it is now. An ancient statistician might have foretold with general accuracy the number of caravans that would cross the desert for a hundred years, and the number and sorts of crimes that would be committed by several successive generations in a stationary condition of morals and circumstances. Now, the Post-office and the railway companies can hardly guess the number of letters, goods, and passengers that they will have to provide carriage for next year, and twenty years hence they will probably have undergone something like a revolution. Then the temptations and opportunities for many crimes and vices change, in our time, with a rapidity wholly modern. The decline of drunkenness and duelling shows, for instance, how quickly society now shifts its moral aspects; and with the failure of periodicity in its phenomena, the element of the incalculable in human affairs increases. Science and art are altering the very foundations of social life, while formerly they helped to preserve its stationary character by remaining unchanged themselves. The tendency of modern discovery and thought is even such as to shake our confidence in the stability of human nature itself, as well as in that of the circumstances in which men are placed. While all mankind within the range of observation seemed to have some fundamental sentiments and thoughts in common, the theorist could assume that certain ideas or tendencies were universal and inherent in the very soul of man. Now the philosopher often finds himself, instead of assuming the necessary existence of such ideas and tendencies, seeking to explain how they are created and destroyed. At the threshold of every attempt, such as that of M. Courcelle-Seneuil, to construct a general theory of human nature and society, there lies the enigma of race. M. Courcelle-Seneuil does not untie, but cuts the knot. He dismisses from consideration, as "triumphantly refuted," all theories which assign either to race or climate any considerable influence over human character and fortunes. But so long as we cannot tell how the differences of race arise, or how deep they go, it is surely premature to set them aside in our philosophy as null. We do not know what makes a man black, or red, or white; or wherein and why the European differs from the Red Indian or the African, and the Teuton from the Celt; or how far moral and intellectual distinctions are referable to physical, and how far to historical causes. We do not know what part of the peculiarities of a race or nation runs, as it were, in their blood, and attaches to individuals, and what is merely the result of external law and custom, or accident. The difference between the Red Indian and the white man is manifestly something more than colour. That the German and the Gaul were savages some centuries ago, as M. Courcelle-Seneuil argues, does not prove that the Indian savage would have

\* *Études sur la Science Sociale.* Par J. G. Courcelle-Seneuil. Paris: Guillaumin & Co.

undergone a similar transformation in Europe. And even if we knew the causes which in the course of ages have made the races of men unlike, it no more follows that we can annul their consequences now than that we can convert vegetables into coal or charcoal into diamonds, because we know their historical and chemical relations. The question of climate again borders, we cannot tell how closely, on that of race, and we know too little yet to justify even a conjecture how far the climate of North America, for example, may in the lapse of centuries affect the constitution, character, and future history of the population there of European origin.

There are, it is true, historical and local diversities of human character and life which are disappearing before a common civilization. The people of different countries are being more and more exposed to the action of similar influences and placed in similar circumstances, and we can calculate upon some common results of this increasing uniformity of the situation of the different societies of mankind. But it does not enable us to construct a general theory of human society. For while national and local or conventional diversities disappear, individual differences of character and ability obtain increasing influence. Formerly, men believed and thought by tribes and nations. But the map tells us less and less every year what a man believes, and what he is like, in each part of the world. Much, too, of the uniformity of man's outward life in society is superficial. Like the schoolmaster, the tailor is abroad dressing all men in the same clothes, while the policeman is gradually making them all peaceable citizens. But there are still, and probably will ever be, wolves in sheep's clothing. If the lamps in our streets were extinguished for a single night, there would, in all human probability, be a fearful revelation of the latent and unsuspected savagery that underlies our boasted civilization. Men often act alike from very different motives. One man refrains from murder and robbery because he fears the gallows and the hulks, another would neither shed blood nor steal for any earthly gain. Two men go daily to their counting-houses, and seek money with the same industry, but with purposes and desires entirely different. Two men profess the same religion—one from policy and the other from conviction. And these and many other inner and invisible differences are by no means practically null. They all tell upon the life and welfare of society, upon the products of capital, intellect, and labour, and upon the direction and speed of the general progress of mankind. The external uniformities of human conduct have undoubtedly a practical and scientific value which can hardly be overrated. They enable the philosopher to foresee, and the legislator to secure, many important trains of consequences independently of the variety and conflict of human motives. We can foretell some of the results of laws, police, commerce, roads, and education, and we may trace in history some of the laws which govern human movements, without knowing all the secrets of the human heart. But we must be content to deal piecemeal with social philosophy, deriving gradually from the study of language, laws, recorded history, political economy, and several other branches of inquiry, materials for a science of human nature which, when it shall be carried in the future as far as human faculties will permit, will probably remain shallow and unsatisfactory.

M. Courcelle-Seneuil conceives, indeed, that there are a few self-evident truths from which a complete theory of the true structure and purposes of society and of individual duty may be deduced, which cannot fail, like the demonstrations of physical science, to secure universal assent. Of these simple axioms, the first and most important, and that from which the others follow, is, according to him, that "the individual and society are born to live; life is their end and object." Hence "whatever tends to preserve and increase life is good, and whatever tends to destroy it is bad; and labour, being essential to the preservation and extension of life, is the universal duty." The first of these propositions, however, seems to us, so far from being self-evident, to be not even intelligible without explanation; and whatever explanations may be given to it must fail, we think, to command universal assent. If the bare multiplication and continuance of living beings on the globe were all, the life of man is no better than that of the beast. If man were swept off this planet there would be no lack of life to take his place; there would be so many wolves and sparrows the more. But if the quality rather than the quantity of life is the object to be kept in view, there is nothing in M. Courcelle-Seneuil's supposed axiom tending either to explain the structure or direct the purposes of society. Indeed, he is driven to embrace in his scheme two very different conceptions of life—the one relating to its quantity, the other to its quality. The aim of society and of individuals should, he says, be such as to secure the maintenance of the largest possible population, and at the same time to develop all their living powers to the highest point. But since M. Courcelle-Seneuil expects unanimous assent, we must remind him that there are some who think that these aims are inconsistent, and that, in some countries and periods at least, and in all countries at some future period, the increase of population might be such as to stunt the development of some of the noblest faculties. We might remind him, too, that the elder Humboldt was even led to regret the decline of warfare, as the school, he thought, of the most exalted virtues. But if all such objections were overruled, there would remain momentous questions respecting the objects of human life and the value to be attached to it, upon which it is not likely that men will ever

think alike, and which it is not in science or philosophy to answer. If any one thinks for a moment that a complete philosophy of our race can be constructed without reference to transcendental questions respecting the human spirit and the government of the universe, let him reflect how human life and the institutions of society have been affected in every age by opinions on these questions. They are questions which cannot be dismissed, since, apart from religious education, they are naturally forced on man's attention by his own personal interests at stake, by the death of friends, and by the very impulse of scientific inquiry.

Thinkers of great eminence have conceived that a fundamental law of human progress may be traced in history—namely, that speculation has three stages, in the first of which it tends to explain phenomena by supernatural agencies; in the second, by metaphysical abstractions; and in the third and final state, confines itself to ascertaining their laws of succession and similitude. But, although this generalization may be true as regards the study of the phenomena of the material world, man is too deeply concerned to refrain from thought or speculation respecting what is not phenomenal, and the tenor of his thoughts about what is behind the veil must always profoundly affect his character and institutions. And if, as modern philosophers both in England and on the Continent have supposed, the predominant element in the direction of social progress is the state of speculation, every theory of society must fall short of an approach to completeness, because of our ignorance of the future ideas of mankind respecting their own destinies and the government of the universe. It is simply a contradiction in terms to talk, as M. Courcelle-Seneuil does, of "a scientific, and therefore a universal system of morals and politics, independent of religious belief, common to the Christian, the Jew, the Mahomedan, the Deist, the Pantheist, and the Atheist—a theory of man and society such as to satisfy all the necessities of practical life, to carry conviction to every mind, and to point out to every man, with the irresistible force of demonstration, his proper position and duties." All the desires and duties of man, M. Courcelle-Seneuil observes, "relate to three objects, the material world, his fellow-creatures, and God; and the chief problems in the arrangements of society are, how many and what individuals should be engaged in the satisfaction of each of these desires, who should direct their labours, and what should be their recompense?" How can the Christian, the Jew, the Mahomedan, the Pantheist, and the Atheist agree about the solution of such problems? It is unlikely that men will ever be agreed about them; at any rate, it is impossible for philosophy to solve them now to universal satisfaction.

M. Courcelle-Seneuil's studies might have resulted in a valuable contribution to social science had he aimed at a lower mark than a complete theory of the structure of society. Detached from the vague and fruitless generalizations on which he tries to base a system, his discussions of social questions contain much sound philosophy. But his desire to hang the solution of every question on the single peg that "life is the end and object of man and of society," has spoiled his book, and often stultified his reasoning. He argues, for example, that physicians are much better fitted by the nature of their avocation to take a part in the political government of mankind than lawyers and other professional men, because, among other reasons, life is the object of the physician's studies, and health the aim of his efforts. The truth is, that the physician lives rather in a world of sickness and death than in the living, healthy, acting world; and his experience of mankind fits him rather for the government of a hospital or a lunatic asylum than of a State. The lawyer is brought much more in contact with real and healthy life. We do not forget that Lord Bacon says, "The wisdom of a law-maker is one, and of a lawyer another;" but it depends rather upon the conditions of the jurisprudence of the particular country than upon any general principle, whether the lawyer's education tends to give him narrow and technical views of law or to familiarize him with the true principles of legislation.

#### WARREN'S LAW STUDIES.\*

**M**R.—or if, as his title-page suggests, he prefers the title, Dr.—Mr. Warren tells us that, in writing his book, he has "kept steadily in mind" Lord Bacon's well-known maxim about men being debtors to their profession. The account between himself and his profession stands thus:—

The Law of England in account with Samuel Warren, D.C.L. Oxon., F.R.S., &c. &c.

Cr.—By the Recordship of Hull, 200*l.* a year for life. (See Warren's *Law Studies*, 1462.)

By a Mastership in Lunacy, 2,000*l.* a year for life. (*Ibid.* 1458.)

By the Title of Q.C., precedence, and two extra letters at the end of his name.

Dr.—To an Abridgement of Blackstone.

To an Introduction to Law Studies.

To three Novels and some volumes of Magazine Articles.

To the *Lily* and the *Bee*.

\* *A Popular and Practical Introduction to Law Studies.* By Samuel Warren, Esq., D.C.L. Oxon., F.R.S., one of Her Majesty's Counsel, Recorder of Hull, and Master in Lunacy. Third Edition, entirely re-written and greatly enlarged. London: Maxwell. 1863.



It would be invidious to strike the balance; but as a man certainly deserves some consolation for having written the *Lily and the Bee* and *Now and Then*, it would perhaps be hard to affirm that Mr. Warren is a conspicuous illustration of the truth of Lord Bacon's maxim. Some men would be glad to be as much in debt, but all do not find it equally easy to incur such obligations.

There is no particular reason why the author of Mr. Warren's novels should not write law books; but there are many reasons why he should not write his law books, or indeed any books at all, in the same spirit as his novels, for it is a very bad spirit, unfit for any purpose, and specially unfit for law. The bane of all institutions is flattery; and the law of England has been made the subject of a greater amount of flattery, and has got more harm from it, than almost any other institution in the world. It has its merits and its defects, and there is a wide field for the exercise of learning and ingenuity in describing them and tracing their origin; but enthusiasm on the subject is positively nauseous, especially when it is, or seems to be, affected; and Mr. Warren is enthusiastic, and, if not affected, most unfortunately addicted to what most people would consider affectation.

The very title of his book raises a presumption against it. Students' guides are almost always rubbish. There are only two guides whose directions are of the least importance to real students—the individual suggestions of living advisers who are acquainted with the circumstances of the person advised, and each man's own individual experience. What must be the mental state of a student who wants to be told that logic is highly important to a lawyer, and that he may learn a great deal about it from Whately and Mr. Mill? He must be brother to the man whom Mr. Warren pathetically warns against dropping his h's ("if conscious of any defect of pronunciation, especially in respect of certain aspirated and unspirated words, let him entreat any kind friend to correct him whenever a lapsus occurs"), and first cousin to those who require to be warned against reading newspapers in their tutor's chambers. "It is not likely that such a disturbing force as a newspaper will be found in any business chambers; but if there be, let the pupil utterly eschew it." Students for the bar are usually grown-up and educated men, whom it is gross impertinence to lecture like school-boys. What they want is to learn the principles and the practice of their profession, and the only introductions to law studies which can ever be of real use to them are books treating of those subjects. Blackstone is—and Coke's *Institutes*, and a variety of older works up to Bracton, were—in their way, the best general introductions to the study of English law; and books like Smith's *Mercantile Law*, the same author's *Leading Cases*, Jarman on *Wills*, and the like, are the best introductions to the particular subjects of which they treat. A man will of course be guided in his choice amongst them by particular circumstances, and by the advice of friends acquainted with his objects and prospects. It is idle to suppose that anybody will ever take a plan of study out of a book, and keep to it. The way to success at the bar is as plain as the road from the Temple to Westminster Hall. With a strong head, strong lungs, a strong stomach, high animal spirits, determination to get on, and good luck, a man will make his way, and take a higher or lower place, according to his talents. The absence of any one of these requisites may trip him up, whatever his talents may be. If he has them, he wants no other introduction to law studies. He will find out for himself what he wants to know better than any one can tell him. It is a race for which a man must train on moral and intellectual beef and beer. If he has not digestion enough for that diet, he had better let the bar alone. If he has, he will not find much in Mr. Warren's book suited to his case.

The inference from this is, that considerably more than half of Mr. Warren's book should have been left out, and that the tone of the rest should have been altogether altered. Such topics as the choice of the bar as a profession, the formation of a legal character, mental discipline, and general knowledge (to which seventy pages are appropriated), are mere impertinencies, in the proper sense of the word. Suggestions as to the way of studying the law, and hints to young counsel, are not much more valuable. They all go on the principle that the student is a little boy who has to be told that he ought to keep his hair brushed and his hands washed. The style, in many parts, would bear as much condensation as the matter. It is crammed with idle compliments:—"Mr. Smith, in his brief but luminous and elegant introduction;" "the brief picture, delineated with beautiful precision," &c. If a judge described a man as 5 feet 10 inches high, 37½ inches round the waist, and 12 stone 10 pounds in weight, Mr. Warren would hold up his hands and talk about "beautiful precision." It is also full of words. Mr. Warren wants to say that a barrister feels out of place at a court-martial, and this is the way he says it:—"Counsel, under such circumstances, when attending at a trial before a tribunal brilliant and imposing in appearance, feels, in spite of the dignified courtesy exhibited to him on all sides, in a position anomalous and exquisitely embarrassing." Do these thirty-seven words add much to the simple fact which has been already stated in ten? They merely tell us that soldiers are civil and wear uniforms.

When reduced by these reforms to about a third of its size, Mr. Warren's book would be found to have held in suspension some valuable matter. It might then be fairly described by some such title as, "An Essay on the Departments of the Legal Profession," as it would consist of an account of the nature of the law administered by various courts, and the routine of the business

transacted by different classes of barristers. The best part of the book, on the whole, is the account given of the relation between law and equity; and though this is neither original nor philosophical, it certainly has the merit of putting together a good deal of floating information, sufficiently familiar to lawyers, but not perhaps easily accessible elsewhere in a collected form. The subject, however, is treated as usual in a flabby way, and what with compliments to THE GREAT LORD MANSFIELD, and "note the noble language of Blackstone," the matter is never grappled with. A heap of authorities (not ill-chosen, however) is laid before the reader, and he is left pretty much to draw his own conclusions. It is, however, fair to add that notwithstanding his defects, both in style and in thought, Mr. Warren knows a good deal about the subjects on which he writes, and has the gift of treating them in an interesting way. The very looseness of his style is, for some purposes, a recommendation. The reader can take his time. He is pretty sure not to miss the general drift of his instructor, and he need not bestow close or sustained attention on what he reads. The book is easy and interesting, and there are few law books indeed of which this can be said. The chapters on international law and special pleading are good specimens of Mr. Warren's powers, though the latter is a good deal disfigured by his characteristic defects. He has, for instance, the simplicity to say, "It may be safely said that those have been the warmest panegyrists of special pleading who have been best acquainted with its principles and details." Did he really think that those eminent persons would cry stinking fish at their own tables, or that, after a life passed in the tan-yards, they would doubt that there was nothing like leather?

The legal merits of the book are less likely to be interesting to general readers than the way in which it deals with less technical matters. No living man except Mr. Warren could, or at all events would, have written the first half of the first volume. Almost every page gives one the lively image of a man who regards his profession with an enthusiastic vanity which is almost sublime in its unconscious absurdity. The book implies that a successful barrister must be a sort of moral, intellectual, and philosophical phoenix, a glorified edition of the model hero of *Ten Thousand a Year*—the holy Aubrey. Every step in his career is delineated by Mr. Warren with the panting solicitude of one who, having himself ascended to the seventh heaven, yearns over those who are about to ascend the Jacob's ladder which he scaled hand in hand with a variety of angels in wigs and gowns. Thus, the chapter on the choice of the bar begins thus:—"Student, throbbing with the worthy desire of distinction, have you adequately reflected on the step you are about to take?" After several pages about the dark and the bright side of an advocate's life, comes a description of the scenes in which his powers are displayed:—

TRIAL BY JURY is the more obvious and attractive sphere, &c. Here Justice may be seen, if one may venture so to speak of her, in her most vivacious and, as it were, ambitious attitude and action, undertaking publicly to wrestle with human nature, strip it of its closest disguises, extort its most cherished secrets, and expose the deepest motives and springs of action. Who can paint in too brilliant or imposing hues the scenes afforded by a densely-crowded Court—judge, jury, witnesses, the bar, the public, all breathless and palpitating with emotion, &c.?

Any one who has seen the eagerness with which the circuit newspapers are appropriated on their appearance, in the midst of the most exciting trial, will be of opinion that the "hues" may easily be laid on much too thick. Mr. Warren is so affected by his subject that he cannot speak of any part of it quietly. He asks the student, not coarsely whether he has money enough to go to the bar, but, with touching solemnity, whether he has "adequate pecuniary resources." He concludes with an attempt to impress him with a "fitting conception of the dignified and important duties which he seeks to undertake," and gives and suggests the use of a short prayer on the subject, drawn up by Dr. Johnson. Perhaps, however, the most remarkable passage is one in which he cheers his possible despondency by a touching mixture of arithmetic and Scripture:—

Names could be easily mentioned of those who knew scarce a year's interval between an income of two or three hundred pounds and as many thousands a year. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the desolate darkness is dissipated, &c.

The grotesqueness of this adaptation of sacred language is heightened by the printer, who has converted twinkling into "twinking;" but it is gilding refined gold to add to the impression which is created by a parallel between a sudden increase of income and the transformation of those who shall be the living witnesses of the general resurrection of the dead at the last day.

Intense respectability, exuberant morality, and the most beautiful religious principle shine out of every page of Mr. Warren's book. To judge from its tone, the Northern Circuit must be a school of the most elevated piety. Pages of indignant virtue stigmatize every kind of excess with merited infamy:—

As for one of the grosser besetments, intemperance—that is now becoming a vulgar vice. . . . Is it of consequence to the young counsel to stand well with attorneys and solicitors, and others who are likely to put business in his way? Then let him beware how he so fatally compromises himself as to indulge in dissolute habits, which are soon known and noised abroad.

What would my Warren think of this? let me fancy that his eye is upon me!—should be the ejaculation of every "young counsel" who may feel an uneasy consciousness that he is in

danger of drinking too much of the circuit wine. The austere form of his friendly guide cannot fail to lead him back into those paths of sobriety where alone briefs are to be found. Sobriety, however, is far from being the only virtue with which he will have been impressed. The praises of early rising, which, in Mr. Warren's chaste and delicate English, "will demand the accompaniment of early retiring," lead by an easy transition to the subject of the Sabbath-day, the observance of which is advocated on the joint authority of Lord Hale and the prophet Isaiah. A little further on we learn that no one whose moral and religious character is not altogether unimpeachable can hope to succeed at the bar. The path of promotion is closed to a man "if he be addicted to immoral and profligate conversation; if he openly indulge in a dissolute course of life; if he be chargeable with recklessness and unconscientiousness in money transactions; if he evince a palpable disregard of or contempt for religion and its ordinances." In any of these cases he will never sit in Parliament—not even for Marylebone—nor hold Government briefs, nor rise to any official distinction. The attorneys will fly from him in horror if it is whispered that he goes to consultations on a Sunday; they never come near an unmarried father; and the absence of a judge from any service, morning or afternoon, in an assize town would probably provoke very unpleasant questions in Parliament. It was once proposed that vacancies amongst the Bishops should be filled by superannuated Judges, but the merit of discovering that the fact of a man having reached the one bench proves that he has all the qualities that would be required on the other, is Mr. Warren's own. There is an inimitable splendour about it which would be tarnished by criticism.

The purity and orthodoxy of Mr. Warren's literary taste is as characteristic as the beauty of his morals. He always praises and shakes his head exactly in the right place. He goes into an ecstasy about Chillingworth, and triumphantly bids his unlucky student (who has a terribly hard time of it if he goes through the whole of Mr. Warren's course) take up the cudgels with him. "Can you discover, in a word, a defect or a redundancy in either thought or expression? Can you put your finger anywhere upon a fallacy? Try! Tax your ingenuity and acuteness to the utmost." Chillingworth, however, is not enough. "Let the student also, if so minded, try a fall (if one may be pardoned such an expression) with that giant thinker, Bishop Butler." These are suspiciously safe names to praise, and the fact that imposing authorities can be cited in support of such praises suggests an obvious reason for their selection. Mr. Warren would probably be scandalized if his student replied that there are one or two soft places both in Chillingworth and in Butler. Chillingworth hardly answers Knott's remark that his (Chillingworth's) principles cannot be reconciled with the infallibility which he ascribed to the Bible. Mr. James Mill showed long ago that Butler did not clearly understand the nature of probability; and one, at least, of his most important arguments may be shown to be true only if it is used for a purpose which he would probably have repudiated.

The book is all of a piece. Abstract the portion of solid matter which it contains, and what is left is such stuff as *Ten Thousand a Year* is made of. The oddity of it lies in its being applied to such a subject as law, and addressed to such a body of men as law students.

#### PICTURES OF OLD PARIS.\*

EVERY branch of antiquities may fairly claim its chronicler, and it is not to be regretted that some people should give themselves to reproducing the lighter aspects of the life of past times. The amusements of any particular age or nation often let us into as much of its real life as the gravest details of its government or of its art in the higher sense. And the less of reading and writing there is among a people, the more importance belongs to the class of spectacles, dramatic or quasi-dramatic, which stand to them instead of a literature. Again, most nations have contrived to connect their amusements with their religion, and to serve their Gods and enjoy themselves at the same time. Our bazaars and charity dinners are a bungling attempt at carrying out the same notion in modern times. The old world, both heathen and Christian, carried out the union in a much more successful way. In the mind of a Greek the ideas of sport and devotion were never separated; he was most pious who enjoyed himself the most. There was no such thing as a sacrifice without a feast, and hardly such a thing as a feast without a sacrifice. The theatre was a holy place, and comedy as well as tragedy was part of an established ritual. Zeus himself, in his noblest temple, was propitiated by the feats of the wrestler, the boxer, and the runner. In mediæval Christendom, the identification of the two things was less complete, but they were connected in a way which, to Protestant imaginations, is half unintelligible and half scandalous. The two ideas of *holy day* and *holiday*, originally the very same word, have got so far separated that we have to mark the distinction by a difference in spelling and pronunciation. It is hard to conceive that our village wakes, and the extinct Bartholomew Fair itself, were in their origin religious institutions. Doubtless they had greatly degenerated from their original object, but then that original object was one in which religion and mirth went hand in

hand, exactly as in the old Greek worship of Dionysus or of Demeter. The fair, and indeed the wake too, brings in a third element, which generally contrived to harmonize very well with the other two—namely, that of trade. Wary merchants have in all ages found holy places and their precincts among the best spots, and religious gatherings among the best times, for plying their vocation. We speak not so much of those who may be considered as actually engaged in the service of the sanctuary, though Demetrius of Ephesus still has those who follow his example at Poitiers and at Einsiedeln, and at many another place of pilgrimage. Many a craftsman still makes his wealth in the service of St. Radegund and of Our Lady of the Hermits, as they did of old in the service of the many-breasted Asiatic idol which the Greeks so oddly identified with their own virgin huntress. But even the ordinary merchant, whose wares had no special sanctity, found his best market under the shadow of the monastery, among the people assembled at some holy season. The fair was constantly fixed for some of the festivals of the Church, and it was often held in some monastic precinct, under the patronage and for the profit of the religious body. Bartholomew Fair, for instance, was held at Bartholomew-tide, and its holding was a chief privilege of the great Priory which bore the name of that Apostle. But our three elements of religion, mirth, and trade find an almost more striking union in some of the ceremonies of the old commercial guilds. These brotherhoods were important bodies in every mediæval city. Wherever the constitution of the country allowed, they assumed a political character; and in many German, Swiss, and Italian cities, tribes which were really commercial guilds became the recognized political divisions of the commonwealth. If the city of London were a sovereign State instead of a mere municipality, we should see the "tribes" and "arts" of old Zürich and old Florence flourishing in full vigour. In the capitals of kingdoms like England and France, these trade-guilds could not obtain the same political position which they did in the republican cities; but, besides their frequent importance in the local government, their various processions and celebrations fully kept up the old good understanding among the three elements of an ancient festival. The commercial guilds of old Paris were not behind those of other cities, either in devotion or in sportiveness. Each confraternity had its patron saint, its church or chapel which it frequented in his honour, and its procession to and from the strictly religious rites—a procession often accompanied by strange and grotesque ceremonies. Many of the trades chose chiefs, who bore the title of Kings, and whose election was as naturally accompanied by a mass as when the Seven Electors came together to choose a King of the Romans. The feast of the Epiphany especially, as the feast of the Kings, was kept with extraordinary solemnity by these civic monarchs, who paraded the streets with crowns and sceptres at the head of their subjects. M. Fournel gives a great many curious details about these corporations, who always played a great part, not only on the days of their own private ceremonies, but on all occasions of public festivity, especially when a real King entered Paris for the first time after his coronation. One part of the ceremony consisted in letting loose a number of caged birds, perhaps as a compliment to princes who, as *Reges Francorum*, boasted, with whatever truth, that they ruled over a specially free kingdom. Had it been meant as a hint to the King to clear out in like sort his Bastille and his other prisons, the ceremony would hardly have been imposed, as it seems to have been, as the tenure by which certain privileges were held. Most of these ceremonies have now passed away. A royal edict, dictated by Turgot, abolished the trade corporations in 1776, and, after a momentary revival, they fell altogether by a decree of the Constituent Assembly. Let us hear M. Fournel's lament over them:—

Au point de vue économique, il se peut que Turgot et la Constituante eussent raison, et je ne me sens nulle envie de les attaquer sur ce terrain; mais au point de vue pittoresque, c'est tout autre chose! Il est vrai que la partie pittoresque de l'existence des corporations anciennes ne trouverait guère son emploi aujourd'hui. Les souverains ne prennent plus la peine de se faire sacrer; ils entrent à Paris en wagon, accompagnés de M. l'inspecteur du chemin de fer, qui les harangue au besoin dans la gare. Que dirait l'administration des pompes funèbres, s'il prenait fantaisie à nos crieurs actuels de se faire enterrer comme les crieurs d'autrefois, et que dirait la police, si les pâtisseries se remettaient à célébrer par les rues la procession de Saint-Michel!

Yet it would seem that everything of the sort is not wholly abolished, even in streets whose very names suggest the least possible amount of any "vue pittoresque," and which proclaim most loudly the actual realities of the present:—

Le 19 mars dernier, vers midi, traversant la rue Bonaparte, je fus arrêté par la foule qui s'amassait sur les trottoirs, au son lointain de deux clarinettes et d'un violon, dont l'harmonie fougueuse et déréglée semblait se rapprocher par degrés. Sur mes questions, une bonne femme du quartier, visiblement surprise de mon ignorance, m'apprit que c'était la procession des charpentiers se rendant à Saint-Sulpice, pour y assister à la messe en l'honneur de saint Joseph, leur patron. Charmé de trouver un spectacle si nouveau pour moi dans les rues de Paris, je me rapprochai précipitamment du cortège. Derrière les musiciens marchait la mère des compagnons, toute rouge d'émotion et de fierté, en toilette ambitieuse, et même, Dieu me pardonne, avec un brin de crinoline; à la main gauche un beau livre de messe doré sur tranches et un mouchoir blanc proprement plié en seize parties égales, au bras droit un maître qui la conduisait avec toute sorte de déférences et de respects galants. Puis venait, porté sur les épaules de quatre robustes garçons, le chef-d'œuvre qu'on allait faire bénir, vrai chef-d'œuvre, en effet, monument à jour, tout en colonnes, d'architecture délicate et compliquée; un bijou à placer sous verre dans un salon, s'il n'avait eu quatre ou cinq pieds de haut pour le moins. Sur tous les côtés du chef-d'œuvre, comme une garde d'honneur, s'avançaient grave-

\* *Talhou du Vieux Paris. Les Spectacles Populaires et les Artistes des Rues.* Par Victor Fournel. Paris: Dentu.



ment les maîtres, portant à la boutonnière les insignes de leur dignité, et les compagnons avec leurs grandes cannes, du haut en bas enguirlandées de rubans et parsemées d'emblèmes. Il me sembla un moment être transporté à six siècles en arrière, au temps du bon roi saint Louis; mais l'illusion ne dura pas; un marchand de vin philosophe me tira de mon rêve, en murmurant, avec la dédaigneuse commisération d'un esprit supérieur: "Tas de capucins!"

Besides the confraternities of trades, there were abundance of other confraternities, mostly of a more or less religious character, whose various processions and other solemnities provided frequent picturesque spectacles for the people. Besides these, there were the more directly religious processions, forming part either of the general ritual of the Church or of the customary ceremonial of particular chapters or parishes. Old Paris seems to have been wonderfully rich in these ingenious unions of pleasure and devotion. So undoubtedly was old London also, and every other mediæval city. It would be worth the trouble of some antiquary who has nothing else to do to weigh the two capitals against one another in this matter. Though both cities have lost the special materials of pleasure of which we have been speaking, yet there is, as we need not say, a marked difference in point of liveliness in the present general aspect of the two capitals. How old is this distinction? Did Englishmen, even in the days of pageants and processions, always, by comparison, enjoy themselves "moult tristement"? Or did our sadness come in at any of our great national epochs, as the Reformation, the Great Rebellion, or the Glorious Revolution? M. Fournel tells us, with much delight, that some of the parochial festivities which are banished from the city still linger in the neighbouring villages. So there are parts of England which can still boast of a more healthy union of mirth and piety than can be found in the sickly atmosphere of the fashionable bazaar. Surely there is something intensely mediæval, something which would gladden the heart of M. Fournel, when a whole parish, or many parishes, gather together at the beck and call of some ecclesiastical dignitary, to begin the day with divine worship and to end it with kiss-in-the-ring.

The most interesting chapters in M. Fournel's book are, we think, those devoted to these commercial and religious fraternities, to the *Bancho*, the Mysteries, and the Fairs of Paris. The chapter on the Minstrels contains a great deal that is curious, but it is hardly local enough. A great part of it has hardly any special reference to Paris rather than to any other part of that large region of Europe where the French language was understood. In the latter part we confess to getting rather tired of the "Opérateurs et Charlatans," "Arracheurs des Dents," and "Farceurs de le Rue." But there is something irresistibly comic in M. Fournel's arguments on behalf of rope-dancers, and their right to be at least put on an equality with opera-dancers. The following passage, with its gravity, one can hardly tell whether real or assumed, is beautifully and distinctively French. But surely it must have been written before Blondin achieved greatness:—

La danse de corde est un art méconnu par l'opinion. Marcher entre terre et ciel, avec la légèreté du sylphe, sur un fil à peine visible à l'œil nu; se promener dans les airs et monter vers la nue, comme pour y regarder les étoiles face à face; se heurter en passant à l'aile effarouchée des oiseaux, qu'on pourrait prendre en étendant la main; lutter avec le vertige, braver la mort à chaque mouvement, dans de superbes gambades et d'orgueilleuses cabrioles à travers l'infini, tenir tout un peuple haletant à la fois d'admiration et de terreur, et toujours, au milieu des angoisses de la foule, des cris d'épouvante, des éblouissements, des applaudissements, lorsque les plus braves eux-mêmes parmi les spectateurs ferment les yeux pour se dérober à la peur qui les gagne, repaître calme, intrépide, souriant, inébranlable, voltigeant dans une atmosphère lumineuse, comme une vision de l'autre monde, voilà le sort et voilà la gloire de l'acrobate! Les Grecs, maîtres et arbitres du beau, qui se connaissent en arts élégants et nobles, honoraient la danse de corde d'une particulière estime, dans ces jeux où ils cherchaient à développer à la fois la force du corps, la souplesse des mouvements, la grâce des attitudes et l'audace de l'âme. Les *schenobates*, qui se suspendaient par les pieds au leu, et tournaient autour de la corde, comme la roue autour de l'essieu; les *acrobates*, qui, les bras et les jambes tendus, volaient de haut en bas le long de la corde appuyée sur leur estomac; les *oribates* et les *neurobates* qui couraient sur la corde horizontale, et y formaient tous les pas de la danse au son de la flûte, avaient porté chez eux ce grand art à un degré de perfection que n'atteignent jamais, malgré la protection de l'empereur philosophe Marc-Aurèle et du divin Héliogabale, prêtre du Soleil, les fanabules du grossier peuple romain.

M. Fournel traces the history of rope-dancing at some length down to our own day. But we are sorry to see that he confines himself to merely human performers. We remember to have read accounts of horses, and even elephants, journeying on ropes at royal weddings and other such great solemnities. And while discussing the comparative merits of Greek and Roman rope-dancing, might we not have looked for some account of those performances, which may well have united the peculiarities of both, which struck Bishop Liudprand with such amazement during his sojourn in the New Rome? To be sure, what Liudprand saw does not come under the exact head of "danseurs de corde;" but boys who carry long cross poles on their foreheads, on which other boys get up and hang with their heads downwards like flies, surely come within the general scope of M. Fournel's chapter. No wonder that neither the Cremonese prelate nor the Byzantine Emperor knew which last most to admire. "Cumque me ignorare quid mihi thaumastoteron, id est mirabilius, videretur, edicerem, magno inflatus cachinno [sc. Constantinus Imp.] se similiter neque scire, respondit."

One might again ask, Do the performances of rope-dancers and acrobats flourish most under despotisms? Liudprand had seen nothing in the freer regions of the West to compare with the show

with which he was entertained at Constantinople. So M. Fournel tells us:—

On a souvent reproché au premier empire d'avoir été une époque stérile pour les arts; c'est une injustice; l'Empire fut l'âge d'or de la danse de corde moderne.

However, in 1814 a grand exhibition took place before the allied sovereigns at Versailles. But, as one of the performers fell and was killed, it might be argued that success in these arts was inseparably bound up with the fortunes of the Great Napoleon.

M. Fournel winds up with his dreams of the future:—

On pouvait croire que c'était le dernier mot de l'art; il n'en fut rien. On s'arrêteront les acrobates de l'avenir? Nul ne l'ose prévoir, après les processions inouïes que tous les jours des saltimbanques inconnus exécutent sous les yeux des spectateurs du Cirque et de l'Hippodrome. Qui sait? Peut-être un jour nos petits-neveux riront-ils de leurs naïfs aïeux, qui voyaient dans la danse de corde le *nec plus ultra* de la hardiesse et de l'habileté, à peu près comme nous rions nous-mêmes aujourd'hui, dans le wagon qui nous entraîne à toute vapeur, de la patache de nos pères.

Why, we may ask, does M. Fournel, and not M. Fournel alone, use the word "wagon" in this particular sense? Is it meant for English, and do they think that we call a railway carriage a "wagon"? The question is as hard of solution as why Liudprand (according, indeed, to his custom) thought it needful to say "thaumastoteron, id est mirabilius," while, one would have thought, "mirabilius" by itself would have done just as well.

#### D'AUBIGNÉ'S REFORMATION IN THE TIME OF CALVIN.

THE most superficial glance over the contents of the first book of the *History of the Reformation in Europe in the Time of Calvin* will convince any reader that the political and religious history of Geneva and the first Huguenots had yet to be written when M. d'Aubigné began the work which has recently made its appearance. Neither can any one proceed far in the study of the work itself without pronouncing that it still remains to be described. The author's character as an historian may be gathered from his previous work, which embraced, or at least professed to embrace, a somewhat earlier period. Impartiality is a quality which he would probably hardly lay claim to, and which certainly would not be conceded to him. Nor, perhaps, is absolute impartiality always a desirable quality in an historian, least of all in an historian of the Reformation. No man could write the religious history of the sixteenth century in a manner at once true and lively unless he felt a strong interest in one party or the other. Such interest might, indeed, be so strong as entirely to blind an author to the good qualities of individuals on the opposite side to that which he himself should espouse, and might perhaps lay him open to the charge of wilful misrepresentation. We need not go far for an instance in point. By far the most popular writer on the English Reformation is Bishop Burnet; yet perhaps there is no work that has attained such an amount of popularity which is so full of falsehood and misrepresentation. He managed, by virtue of his violent prejudices, to throw life into his history, but no one would think of appealing to Burnet for the truth of an assertion of fact or of principle. In comparing M. d'Aubigné with Bishop Burnet, it is but fair to the historian of the Lutheran and Calvinistic Reformations to say that, as far as accuracy in facts is concerned, he has greatly the advantage of the Scottish writer, whilst, as regards the violent prejudices which will not allow either writer to see any excellence in the Roman system of religion, they are precisely on a par. From neither author could the reader gather that the Catholic Church, in the early part of the sixteenth century, exhibited anything but a system of abuses in her management and abandoned characters in her hierarchy. Yet, though Protestants even of his own communion must demur to M. d'Aubigné's opinion on many points, the present work will probably confirm the favourable judgment which has been pronounced, both by French and English readers, on his powers as an historian. The previous volumes on the Lutheran Reformation met with more success in England and America than on the Continent of Europe; yet, if we may judge from the abrupt termination of the fifth and last volume, just in the very middle of the English Reformation, we should suppose that the latter subject, to which the fifth volume is devoted, has not proved so attractive to readers as that of the first four, and that this has, perhaps, induced the writer to return to the more congenial topic treated of in the volumes now before us. They may, indeed, be regarded as the commencement of a sequel to the author's previous work, which was chiefly confined to Germany and German Switzerland.

Independently, however, of any Protestant prejudices which M. d'Aubigné exhibits, his judgment, as might perhaps naturally be expected, is much warped by his great admiration for Calvin's personal character and his ardent love for Geneva. He has, indeed, no doubt that the judgment of the world will agree with his declaration that Calvin was one of the noblest spirits that ever lived; but he appears to think it possible that he may be thought to have overrated the influence of Geneva when he speaks of her as the rival of Rome, and destined "to wrest from her the dominion of half the Christian world." He is quite content,

• *History of the Reformation in Europe in the Time of Calvin.* By J. H. Merle d'Aubigné, D.D., Author of the "History of the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Longman & Co. 1863.

however, to confront any dissent from his views as to the importance of the city by quoting the text that God chooses the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and the things which are not to bring to nought things that are. The author is fond of this text, which serves his purpose both in softening down the absurdity of speaking in such terms of his favourite city, and in magnifying the importance of a few of Calvin's precursors, such as Farel, Viret, and Froment. Calvin himself, the great Coryphæus of the Genevan Reformation, he would scarcely think fit to class among the weak things of the world; for, in fact, if we are to judge from the specimen of these two volumes, he is to be represented as one of the greatest powers that have exercised an influence over the world's history in modern times. As yet, however, we have no opportunity of pronouncing on the author's estimate of Calvin's genius. The great Reformer of Geneva was born in 1509, and the latter of these two volumes only carries down the "first evangelical beginnings in Geneva" to the middle of 1532. The reader will naturally ask to what number of volumes such a work as this is likely to extend, and we must profess our entire inability to answer this question; for not only is M. d'Aubigné entirely silent on this point, but so much space is taken up with the description of the state of affairs, religious and political, in France during the nine years which elapsed between 1525 and 1534, that he is himself, probably, entirely ignorant of the nature and amount of the task which yet lies before him.

Perhaps we cannot better deal with these volumes than by separating them into two parts, and giving a brief account of that part which contains most new matter. Of the three books which compose this part of the history, the first and third describe the political struggle for liberty at Geneva, in which Calvin himself is not personally concerned, for he was at that time only a poor student in France. The second book, which occupies as much space as the other two, describes France in what are called "Favourable Times." In the first of these divisions, M. d'Aubigné has brought to light a considerable amount of new matter. The very names of the heroes who figure so conspicuously in it are almost new to history. The names of Bonivard, Berthelier, and Lévrier, are, indeed, not wholly unknown, but those of the actors who played a secondary part in this drama would in vain be looked for in any biographical dictionary. We do not find fault with the author for representing the Genevan champions of liberty in a more conspicuous light than they have hitherto been viewed in. On the contrary, we observe that here we have all the advantage derivable from the historian having a prejudice in favour of his subject, and an admiration for his own people and country. Perhaps it would have been difficult to find any other writer who would have devoted so much trouble to a subject which must necessarily appear to Englishmen as of small importance. We naturally smile at the boldness of an author who ventures, in the introductory chapter of a history the title-page of which bears the date of 1863, to speak of Calvin as the founder of the greatest of republics. The first impression on reading the passage is, that he speaks of the small republic of Geneva, and that we must make allowance for a metaphorical expression which means that the Calvinism of Geneva has indoctrinated the world. We are not, however, left long in suspense, for in the very same paragraph we are informed that the writer is alluding to our Transatlantic brethren. We must give the very words, or we shall be supposed to be under some mistake:—

Lastly, Calvin was the founder of the greatest of republics. The pilgrims who left their country in the reign of James I., and, landing on the barren shores of New England, founded populous and mighty colonies, are his sons, his direct and legitimate sons; and that American nation which we have seen growing so rapidly, boasts as its father the humble reformer on the shore of the Lemau.

There is no occasion here to refer further to the brief career of the greatest of modern republics; but the passage we have quoted will at least serve the purpose of showing that Calvin and Geneva will have the fullest justice done to them by the author of the *Calvinistic Reformation in Europe*.

M. d'Aubigné has not represented the state of affairs at Geneva in very different colours from those in which they have usually been painted by historians. As to the additions which are supplied from manuscript sources, we are of course unable to check the author, who frequently refers for his facts to the registers of the Council of Geneva, as well as to a MS. in the library at Berne, which was copied in 1705 from a contemporary document professedly, but not really, written by Bonivard. From this latter MS. we have an addition to the account of the cession of the temporal authority of the city to the Dukes of Savoy by the Prince-bishop, who is known by the name of the Bastard of Savoy. The cession itself is a known fact of history, and is usually represented as a bargain for the attainment of the see; but the MS. tells us that "John of Savoy swore to hand over the temporal jurisdiction of the city to the Duke, and the Pope (i.e. Leo X.) swore he would force the city to consent under pain of incurring the thunders of the Vatican." The mode of expression, we presume, is the author's. For the truth of the fact we should have been glad to have documentary evidence better than that of a contemporary history by one whose prejudices render him scarcely trustworthy. It was in the contests which followed that the terms Huguenot and Mameluke sprang up—the latter being applied to the abettors of the House of Savoy, in retaliation for that of

Huguenots (Eidesgenossen, or confederates), who represented the party fighting for the liberties of Geneva. The facts of the contest are well related, and many of the smaller incidents which give life to the history are now made public for the first time from original documents. But, in truth, notwithstanding all the author's efforts to throw a religious hue upon the contest, the struggle was no further religious or ecclesiastical than that it was a contest between a people on the one side, jealously desirous of maintaining their independence, and an ecclesiastic on the other side, connected with the ducal House of Savoy, which had been for centuries encroaching on Genevan liberties. The vicious lives led by so many ecclesiastics of this period notoriously gave an impetus to the spirit of the Reformation throughout Europe, and the crimes of the Bastard of Savoy, and of his successor in the bishopric of Geneva, no doubt paved the way for the abolition of the episcopal authority. But as yet the movement was merely political, and the author is obliged to answer the question which he himself asks, whether the Reformation had anything to do with the opposition to the selfishness of the priests and the despotism of Rome, by simply saying that this "is possible, nay, probable." M. d'Aubigné does not attempt to misrepresent facts nor to mislead his readers. Indeed, he has here, by an excess of conscientiousness, betrayed his prepossessions. He quotes from the pseudo-Bonivard's MS., in his text, the words, "Luther had already given instructions at this time to many in Geneva and elsewhere." But in a note he explains that the words "*donné des instructions*," are supplied because the context of the MS., which is not legible at this place, requires them. In explaining them, supposing them to exist, we think he is right in saying that they probably allude to the silent influence exercised by the writings of the great Reformer.

The Bastard of Savoy died, and was succeeded by Pierre de la Baume in 1522, and in his time the alliance with Berne and Friburg was concluded, which led the way to the abolition of the episcopal power. The surrender of the temporal jurisdiction on the part of the Bishop to the citizens did but accelerate his fall. "Catholic Geneva," as the author observes, "was a dismantled fortress." Not long afterwards, in the beginning of August, 1527, the last Prince-bishop of Geneva fled by night from the city in fear of his life. And here the author leaves his readers for the present. For the actual history of the Genevan Reformation, we must look to the forthcoming volumes.

#### THE MINOR NOVELS OF DE FOE.\*

WITH the exception of Bunyan and Cervantes, it would be difficult to point to any voluminous writer whose name has been so entirely associated with one single effort of his genius as has been the case with the prolific and versatile De Foe. The number of separate pieces which make up the collected edition of his writings exceeds in all a hundred and seventy. Of these, it was of course not to be expected that the political tracts and pamphlets, which constitute numerically by far the greater portion, should permanently retain the notoriety or the influence which attached to them on their first publication. But other causes must be sought for to explain the neglect which has fallen upon all but one of his productions in that very province of literature which he has made so authoritatively his own, and which the universal and lasting verdict of generations has, by that one instance, shown to have nothing in itself to make it ephemeral in interest or transient in its hold upon posterity. Since it would be the reverse of philosophical to set down this exclusive preference to the score of simple caprice on the part of the public, it may be worth while to do something towards settling for ourselves on what account it has been permitted to one masterpiece so to eclipse and consign to oblivion, comparatively speaking, the whole remaining series of his multifarious compositions. Whilst all ages and all classes of readers hang with undiminished delight over the *Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*, how is it, it may still be asked, that so few in comparison seem even to be aware that there exist other compositions, in the same branch of fiction, scarcely inferior in merit—the unmistakable offspring, at all events, of the same distinctive genius? *Captain Singleton*, *Moll Flanders*, *Colonel Jack*, *Roxana* or *the Fortunate Mistress*—these, not to mention lesser compositions, bespeak in every lineament their legitimate parentage from a mind which, in command of incident, in romantic description, and in reality of treatment, stands unsurpassed in our prose literature. Whilst edition after edition of *Robinson Crusoe* testifies to the undiminished popularity of the work by which De Foe is all but exclusively held in remembrance, it seems worth while to consider what it is which seems destined to keep back these able, if secondary, writings from all chance of sharing the same public favour.

Cast as they are almost exclusively in the region of low or vulgar life, these minor novels, if we must so call them, present features which, at the outset, go some way towards explaining why they have failed to afford anything like the same amount of agreeable amusement to the public. One and all fall alike within that uninviting class which has been termed the *Romance of Roguery*, consisting as they do throughout of the adventures of thieves, vagabonds, swindlers, adventurers, viragoes, and courtizans. Nor is the vigorous hold

\* *The Plague of London*; &c. New Edition. London: Longman & Co. 1863.



of nature which the author has displayed in their delineation, or the power of pathos which he has put forth in painting these back-scenes of life in their dark and painful truth, sufficient to counterweigh the effect which the harsh and deterrent themes of the picture must exert upon a mind of refinement and sensibility. There may be truly, as Sir Walter Scott has pointed out, in the strange and blackguard scenes which De Foe describes, much that deserves to be compared with the gipsy-boys of Murillo—so full of hardy vigour and rough kindly humour are these sketches of the London *gamin* of a century ago, however low, and occasionally loathsome, the types on which these spirited figures have been moulded. Yet that they fall short of enlisting our full sympathy or admiration is no less due to the absence of that refining quality in which the great Spanish artist showed the elevation of his genius. The coarseness which belongs to the subject is suffered to show itself as extending to the writer's own mind. He rather falls to the level of the ignoble squalid life he paints than succeeds in elevating it instead to the summit of pure and healthy art. With much of the dash and picturesqueness of Salvator, there is little of the instinctive grace which can give dignity to the beggarly accompaniments of rags and dirt. De Foe is the Hogarth of literature. The "Harlot's Progress" and the "Marriage à la Mode" are drawn by his pen in colours the severe truth of which makes them almost appalling, but of which the moral is too nakedly, too anatomically, expressed to let us linger tenderly over the perusal. Free from the Dutch weight and clumsiness of Teniers or Ostade, his *Saturnalia* of vice might perhaps, with closer truth, remind us of the series of the Seven Deadly Sins, well known to visitors of the Oxford galleries of art, were it not for Schalken's over hot and garish tones. Of the Aristotelian maxim that art should purify by the combined elements of pleasure and pain, the most attractive half has been too frequently lost from sight. Thus it is that the moral of the composition, though kept in view from the first, and marked out with an unflinching sense of justice which never fails to reach vice and folly with the scourge, usually falls short of winning from the emotions of the reader that deference to virtue which he feels bound to pay by the dictates of his conscience. There is in the punishments themselves a harshness which now, at all events, savours of cruelty and callousness, however much it might even have been needed for the thicker skins of an earlier generation. The Nemesis seems overdone when we behold the folly and the sin shrieking, so to say, at the cart's-tail. We begin with a set homily upon morals, and are shocked to find that we are not to come to the dismissory blessing without a victim being previously held up to be scarified before the eyes of halting Christians *pour encourager les autres*. Towards the close of *Moll Flanders*, for example, when her career of dissipation and crime has brought the heroine within the toils of retributive justice, it seems a gratuitous piece of horror to drag us within the gates of Newgate, and into the cell of the terror-stricken wretch, and to wring our hearts with her despairing cries as the image of the gallows rises up before her imagination. In vain is the artist's skill displayed in painting thus to the sight the avenging horrors of an ill-spent life. There is more of the animal dread of suffering and death than of the true spirit of contrition and remorse in the plaints of anguish and regret that fall upon the ear. And the effects of such appeals to the physical rather than the spiritual side of man's nature are such as to brutalize and harden, rather than to soften the moral nature. It is all very well for the writer of fiction to work out his artificial plot, and exhibit the saving effects of his stringent remedies in the edifying and decorous close of his penitent's career, and to let drop his curtain amid her hysterical warnings to the audience to take warning by her past woes. But for one sinner who will be frightened back to virtue by the sight of the lash, or bribed over by the exuberant rewards which fall in the afterpiece to the lot of the amended Magdalene, how many will be turned cynical by the sight of her maudlin sorrows, if not incited to emulation by the over-warm recital of her previous fleshly foibles!

There is one feature which all these tales of De Foe possess in common. It is a favourite idea with him to conduct one and all to an edifying close, and wind up with the hero or heroine in a complacent state of wealth, peace, and repentance. Having eked out more than a competent fortune by the most nefarious practices, they have always ample leisure left towards the end of their lives to moralize over their past naughtiness, and let us know, even to the extent of garrulity, what wicked wretches they were. A sort of genial optimism seems to have made it impossible for him to dismiss his characters without a happy good night after the burden and heat of the day. His idea of criminal reform, after a pretty sharp taste of corporeal suffering, is worked out by a liberal distribution of rewards all round. His religion even includes the same easy and benevolent provisions. There is always a welcome home for his favourite prodigals. We are told to admire the edifying spectacle they exhibit when there is no longer the slightest danger of temptation or relapse, and to note "with how much advantage they make their penitent reflections at home, under the merciful dispositions of Providence, in peace, plenty, and ease, rather than abroad, under the discipline of a transported criminal." Singleton, after running riot as a buccancer, and revelling in all the villany and plunder of his crew of cut-throats, comes home past middle age to marry a Quakeress, and to live comfortably and piously upon his ill-gotten hoards. Jack, whose youth has been spent with pickpockets, seasoned with a sentimental sense of conscious wrong-doing which adds piquancy

to the sin, ends his chequered adventures as an elderly gentleman of gravity and wealth, with regular consignments from his estates in the West of rum, sugar, and tobacco, added to untold bags of those mysterious "pieces of eight" which are so familiar to readers of *Robinson Crusoe*, and to nobody else. And all these things are set down with the minuteness of a log-book or a bill of lading. Not a prize is taken or burnt, but we are told its tonnage, cargo, and value to a pound. Not a shipment is made, but the silk is measured to a yard, and the pattern checked off to a thread. This minute working-up of details is carried to an extent which in mere matters of adventure, such as seafaring and military life, chosen subjects with him, becomes insufferably tedious. It is, notwithstanding, by his art in this respect that he succeeds in general in breathing into his fictions the air of actual history.

The very vivid and intense reality which De Foe, even more perhaps than Fielding, knew how to throw into his characters and scenes, tends, however, to unfit such works as *Moll Flanders* or the *Fortunate Mistress* for a place on the drawing-room table or the shelf of the school-room. In the warm flush of sensuous description there is a source of stimulus calculated to kindle passion in a far stronger degree than the homiletic sequel is likely to allay it. Such scenes, which are unknown in *Robinson Crusoe*, furnish the true reason for the exclusion of De Foe's lesser novels from companionship with that idol of the nursery and the reading-class. Without those scenes, these works, every man will see, would be emasculate and tame; yet their presence will ever render them such as it is not pleasant to read aloud in mixed society, or to descant upon with critics of the other sex. No Bowdler can well hope to leave them adapted to the standard of contemporary purism. Not that they are one whit really more immoral than the majority of the fictions of our day. There is hardly a popular novel, English or French, which does not depend for its interest upon as numerous and as startling breaches of the social commandments. But in our days the laxity or the indecency must be confined to the idea, not communicated to the words. The voluptuous or the vicious transaction must be suggested to the fancy, not exhibited to the eye. It would take from a modern novel of intrigue all its power to charm, were the reader's mind, by too literal a description, to be deprived of the pleasurable task of conjuring up the greater portion of the scenery and action, and filling in the higher and stronger lights for itself. To call a spade a spade would now be, in amatory fiction, the unpardonable sin. With our simpler and less spoilt grandsires, such plain straightforward language seemed actually to purify the incidents from half their immorality and their danger to the reader's mind. Nothing more than their title would now be required to condemn beyond hope the "fortunes and misfortunes" of a heroine "who was born in Newgate, and during a life of continual variety of threescore years, besides her childhood, was twelve years a whore, five times a wife (whereof once to her own brother), twelve years a thief, eight years a transported felon to Virginia; at last grew rich, lived honest, and died a penitent." Of small avail were it to pretend "that, as the whole relation is usefully garbled of all the levity and looseness that was in it, so it is applied with the utmost care to virtuous and religious uses." Nothing, it may be true, can exceed the stringency of the moral unities. We are solemnly assured that "throughout this book this fundamental is most strictly adhered to; there is not a wicked action, in any part of it, but it is, first or last, rendered unhappy or unfortunate; there is not a superlative villain brought upon the stage but he is either brought to an unhappy end or brought to be a penitent; there is not an ill thing mentioned but it is condemned, even in the relation; nor a virtuous, just thing, but it carries its praise along with it." But, in order to carry out this didactic purpose, and to expose the bitter fruits of a life of vice, it is by no means incumbent on the moralist to initiate us, in the first instance, into all the naked details of riot and debauchery, or think to entertain us with the particulars of ruffianism and crime which his own experience of the wards of Newgate had made, unhappily, but too familiar to him. It is this grossness in description which forms the great blot upon De Foe's otherwise delightful bits of *genre*-painting. There is no licentiousness of purpose. There is in none of these writings any of the prurient fancy of hot youth. They were all composed after the middle period of life, within four years of each other, closely following upon *Robinson Crusoe*, and were designed, not less than that immaculate fiction, to combine edification with amusement. It was the peculiar felicity of the plot that enabled De Foe to bequeath to the world that single perfect specimen of what his powers could produce, when accidentally guarded from those deteriorating influences which were not so much faults of his own as of his age. In his very deficiencies, such as his absence of delicacy, or rather his homeliness of style, there are the evidences of that unconscious instinct for truth which kept him from seeing the prudence of occasional reticence or disguise. As, however, there are untoward passages here and there in which this openness of speech disconcerts or shocks us, so is it, beyond comparison, to this native frankness and realism that the essential charm of his general style is to be traced. No one has ever imparted such reality to fiction. The *Life and Piracies of Captain Singleton* passed with Dr. Johnson for a real history. Lord Chatham was equally deceived by the *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, relating to the wars in Germany and in England. The *History of the Plague* has been pretty generally referred to as an authentic description by an eye-witness. Nowhere is it possible to meet with deeper insight into motives, more natural force in depicting their workings, or

more genial satire upon their frequent hollowness and inconsistency, than in the graphic passage in which the vagabond boy, Colonel Jack, having received a handful of gold from an elder lad to whom he has acted as accessory in a theft, finds himself helplessly embarrassed to know what to do with the prize:—

Nothing could be more perplexing to me than this money was to me all night. I carried it in my hand a good while, for it was in gold, all but 14s., and that is to say it was in four guineas, and that 14s. was more difficult to carry than the four guineas; at last I sat down and pulled off one of my shoes, and put the four guineas into that; but after I had gone a while, my shoe hurt me so I could not go, so I was fain to sit down again, and take it out of my shoe, and carry it in my hand; then I found a dirty linen rag in the street, and I took that up, and wrapt it all together, and carried it in that a good way. I have often since heard people say, when they have been talking of money that they could not get in, I wish I had it in a foul clout; in truth, I had mine in a foul clout, for it was foul according to the letter of that saying; but it served me till I came to a convenient place, and then I sat down and washed the cloth in the kennel, and so then put my money in again.

Well, I carried it home with me to my lodgings in the glass-house, and when I went to go to sleep, I knew not what to do with it; if I had let any of the black crew I was with know of it, I should have been smothered in the ashes for it, or robbed of it, or some trick or other put upon me for it, so I knew not what to do, but lay with it in my hand, and my hand in my bosom, but then sleep went from my eyes. O, the weight of human care! I, a poor beggar boy, could not sleep as soon as I had but a little money to keep, who, before that, could have slept upon a heap of brickbats, stones, or cinders, or anywhere, as sound as a rich man does in his down bed, and sounder too.

The form of De Foe's surname has led to his being surmised by many people to have been of French extraction. The fact, however, has been established that he was the son of James Foe, a butcher in the parish of Cripplegate. Whether the foreign prefix to his name was adopted from a mere fancy of his own, from the idea of enhancing his consequence or disguising his identity—if not, as his enemies would have it, from blind dislike to being thought an Englishman—it is certain that no truer English heart and no truer word-painter of English character has ever lived. His own favourite designation—that of the "True-born Englishman"—be-fitted no man better. The manly, self-reliant qualities which have made his principal hero a model of the national character—a character which he has been the means of largely building up through the influence of that potent fiction upon the minds of our youth—found an illustration in many points of his own career, as they breathe through the entire series of his diversified writings. The witchery which he has been able to exercise so widely by means of that one master-creation makes us regret the more those incidental discords which, in his less-famed works of humour, jar with deterring effect upon our sense of harmony and beauty—causing them to be viewed, by more generous judges than the mere prude, rather as blots upon his memory than accessories to his fame.

#### HUGGINS' COURSE AND CURRENT OF ARCHITECTURE.\*

EVERY one is familiar with the old-fashioned historical or chronological charts, in which the courses of empires and events are represented under the form of parallel streams—now expanding, now narrowing, now intermingling with others, and again separating into slender rivulets, and at last either dwindling into nothing or flowing onwards into futurity with the full volume of present prosperity. Mr. Huggins has applied this idea to the parallel developments of architectural styles. In doing so he has exhibited great ingenuity and astonishing patience; and, in a rough kind of way, the broad outlines of architectural history are faithfully enough figured to the outward eye in this gaily-coloured chart. But we much question the utility of the experiment. In the first place, those who really take an interest in the history of architecture will scarcely need this kind of material aid to their memory of the sequence and connexion of styles. A picture of this sort will teach little to a mere learner. Mr. Huggins himself is obliged to supplement what he calls the "allegorical monitions" of his chart by a volume of explanatory letterpress. On the other hand, the more advanced student will despise so coarse a representation of the infinitely delicate inter-penetrations and inter-relations of the several varieties of architectural style. Then, again, the parallel between architectural and political history is not sufficiently close to make a pictorial treatment, which may be felicitous enough for the one, equally suitable to the other. For example, inasmuch as the nations of mankind exist and perpetuate themselves continuously through successive forms of government and political combinations, it is easy enough, in a chart of history, to trace the course of a particular people from the earliest times to the present. Thus, if Poland is destined to become again free and independent, the historical chartographer, who has already shown the national stream trifurcating off, and lending a tributary to each of the three States which had a share in its partition, will have no difficulty in collecting again into one river the three separate Polish threads which now swell the volumes of Russia, Austria, and Prussia. But an architectural style has no such continuous and inextinguishable life. For instance, Mr. Huggins represents the several varieties of Gothic as dying off, one earlier, another later, in the course of the sixteenth century. How was he possibly to represent

the revival of the Pointed style which has taken place in our own age? It is plain that no continuous thread of Gothic can be supposed to have existed in the various national types of Palladian architecture. But these are the only European forms of the building art which in this chart are represented as enjoying a present vitality. In short, the phenomenon of the resuscitation of a defunct style does not lend itself happily to the idea of a course and current of architectural development; and, therefore, Mr. Huggins rather cleverly evades the difficulty by bringing down his chart to the year 1800, and no later. Undoubtedly he stops half a century too soon. We are all too much interested in speculating on the probable architecture of the future, as foreshadowed by the facts of our present experience, to be satisfied with closing the record at the end of the last century. The author had better have confessed that his scheme broke down when he tried to apply it to the present state of architecture in the latter half of this nineteenth century. As it is, he makes the following lame and unconvincing apology:—"Among the omissions is the intentional one of an existing branch of architectural practice of great interest—the Revived Gothic—which has been left out, not from any disrespect to the movement, but simply because, to avoid recent complexity and the representation of what is sufficiently known to all, it was deemed advisable to terminate the chart at the opening of the present century." Complicated, indeed, it would be, had the chart attempted to represent the original sources of the eclectic style of Pointed architecture which is now making such hopeful progress among us. But if any architectural fact deserved elucidation, it was surely this—which, moreover, is certainly not better "known to all" than most of the salient points of the past history of the art which find a place in the chart before us.

We do not deny, however, that in some respects Mr. Huggins has achieved a very difficult task with much success. He has certainly arranged his architectural streams very cleverly, so as to preserve their "geographical position, both absolute and relative, from east to west." On the west of the chart flows an independent river of Mexican and Peruvian architecture; and at the other extremity will be found contiguous, but unconnected, streams which are meant to represent the Chinese and Buddhist methods of building. Between them descends the mighty central stream of Greek and Roman architecture, fed by two branches from Egypt and the Pelasgi, and separating, under the influence of Christianity, into two great arms, which represent the Romanesque and the Byzantine styles respectively. The former is supposed to ramify, under the operation of a "nationalizing Teutonic principle," into numerous branches, which, again, under the influence of Saracenic art in the times of the Crusades, assume what Mr. Huggins calls "Pointedness." All of these, with the exception of the Italian styles, coalesce in a complete Gothic, from which again they separate into minor national varieties, the whole of which soon dry up and disappear altogether. On the other hand, the Byzantine stream, after first receiving a "Sassanian" tributary, ramifies under the influence of Islamism into the Persian and other Saracenic styles, all of which, except the Persian, Syrian, and Egyptian varieties, decay and become extinct before the end of the eighteenth century. In the middle of all, the thin stream of Italian Romanesque swells into the Renaissance, and so becomes the parent of the only living European styles—viz. the various modern forms of debased Italian.

The chief faults in this arrangement are obvious. The worst of all is the want of any trace of connexion between the Romanesque and the Pointed styles. The former are shown as coming to a barren end, while the Gothic stream, instead of flowing out of the Romanesque, branches off independently from the parent river as early as the sixth century. Again, the Byzantine style of Europe is represented as extinct, whereas the typical ecclesiastical architecture of Russia perpetuates it in a living form to our own day. In this chart, by the way, Russian architecture figures as an offshoot of modern Italian. The influence of Byzantine architecture in Italy and the south of France, and on the Rhine, is not indicated at all. And, in like manner, the early Irish architecture finds no expression on the chart. But it may be said, and not without some truth, that this kind of pictorial representation cannot pretend to do more than give the broadest possible view of the matter in hand. Be it so; but this is a crowning argument against the utility of the undertaking. With the characteristic enthusiasm of a man mounted on his favourite hobby, Mr. Huggins has further attempted to give his chart what he calls a "significant colouring." He shall explain his system in his own words:—

The grave and severe styles—trabected in construction and chaste in decoration, such as Egyptian and Greek—are represented by the cool blue. Where the arch and dome come in to mitigate the severity of the rectangular beamed system, the colour becomes warmer, and the warmth increases in each branch, in proportion as the style relaxes into greater elegance and delicacy of form. The Byzantine style, warming by the Oriental element, which is represented by yellow, changes from the reddish-blue of the parent Romanesque to green; while the richest and most luxuriant of all styles, the Saracenic, is shown by the warmest of colours, orange. Round Gothic, from the almost pure blue of its Christian Romanesque progenitor, becomes at length purple by the additional colour answering to the new elements of its composition, which purple again brightens into the pure vermillion indicative of complete Pointed Gothic.

The volume of accompanying letterpress with which Mr. Huggins illustrates his chart is, it must be confessed, a dull and tedious compilation. The history of architecture, indeed, does not

\* *The Course and Current of Architecture; being an Historical Account of the Origin, successive and simultaneous Developments, Relations, Periods, and Characteristics of its various known Styles.* By Samuel Huggins, Architect. London: Weale. 1863.



yet require to be rewritten. We do not deny that many a man may profitably boil down such books as Mr. Thomas Hope's *Historical Essay*, Mr. E. A. Freeman's *History of Architecture*, and Mr. Fergusson's *Handbooks*, into a course of lectures for a local architectural society. This Mr. Huggins would seem to have done; and his papers—which are by no means without traces of original thought, and which were probably illustrated by drawings—were doubtless both acceptable and useful to his brethren of the Liverpool Architectural Society. But they scarcely deserved publication. The author candidly enumerates the principal writers to whom he is indebted for his matter. The omission of Mr. Freeman's excellent book from this list is the more remarkable because, of all the historians of architecture, he has most closely preceded Mr. Huggins in the general handling of the subject. The only chapter of the work which seems to deserve particular notice is the concluding one, which is entitled the "Style of the Future." Therein the author lays it down as an indisputable position that English-Italian is at present our natural and national form of architectural expression. We deny this altogether; and we need only point to the Gothic revival, secular as well as ecclesiastical, for a refutation of the assertion. Mr. Huggins shuts his eyes to the signs of the times, and hazards the bold statement that "the only great primary style that can fairly be said to have died out is the Pointed Gothic." It is difficult to believe that this sentence, though now published for the first time, was not written half a century ago. The author must have fancied that, because his chart ends prematurely with the year 1800, the architectural world has stood still since that date. It is not worth arguing with an architectural writer who intentionally ignores one of the chief facts of the day. Suffice it to say that Mr. Huggins rather ludicrously claims for his Anglo-Italian of the future all those bold developments of material, construction, and ornamentation which have been not only claimed, but actually realized, by the leading Gothic architects of the revival. The very idea of such novelties is borrowed from the arguments and achievements of the new eclectic school. Mr. Huggins, however, is, it must be granted, a thorough-going partisan of the old pseudo-classical style. We conclude with an extract which will show his taste and discernment on the one hand, while on the other it will warn us of what may be expected, in the matter of the restoration of mediæval buildings, from those—if there be any—who share his opinions:—

Nowhere, I have observed, does the Italian style seem more rationally or more successfully applied than in the Rows of Chester; while, on the other hand, among the many styles employed in that city, the Italian seems the most appropriate, for no other so readily, so naturally, or so sweetly shapes itself into those unique features which are admirably adapted to the exigencies of our climate, and pregnant with suggestions for the reform of our street and shop architecture.

#### FISH-HATCHING.\*

WHATEVER may be the issue of the experiments now in progress with the view of introducing new kinds of flesh and poultry to the domestic larder, we think there can be little doubt that the increased attention lately bestowed upon the propagation of fishes must ultimately lead to highly practical results. It may be many generations before eland-meat comes into general use, and poulterers supply Himalayan pheasants to order; but if the efforts lately commenced to restore our rivers to productiveness be continued, there is every reason to expect that fish may shortly become a much cheaper and more accessible article of diet than has of late years been the case, and that a large extent of property at present barren and unprofitable may be rendered of great value. Mr. Buckland and his fellow-enthusiasts in "fish-hatching" must, however, forgive us if we express an opinion that these desirable results will arrive not so much directly from "artificial propagation," as indirectly from the attention that has been drawn towards the importance of the subject, and from the increased facilities thus afforded to nature to carry out her own laws of productiveness. One pair of salmon, judiciously guarded, and left to increase their species in a natural way, will in all probability do more to re-stock a river than a dozen pairs that have been subjected to Mr. Buckland's manipulations. But, at the same time, we are under no small obligations to the pisciculturists and their followers for the stir they have made upon the subject, and the attention thereby drawn to the practical results attainable by an efficient system of fish-protection.

Mr. Buckland's little volume contains the substance of a lecture on "fish-hatching" delivered by him before the Royal Institution in April last. Though written in a somewhat slipshod style, and interspersed with many anecdotes and episodes that have no immediate bearing on the subject, it will no doubt attract readers who would have been repelled by a more scientific essay, and it will so far better answer its purpose. Mr. Buckland begins, rightly enough, with the point which must, after all, settle the question of fish-hatching, as well as some other far more important matters—will it pay? While admitting the general truth of an objection often urged against the pursuit of natural history—that it leads to no practical, or, at all events, to no immediately practical results—Mr. Buckland endeavours to show that this cannot be said of fish-hatching. The experience of the French establishment at Hünningen, and the results attained by Messrs. Ashworth in Galway, and Messrs. Buist and Brown at Stormontfield on the

Tay, must, he thinks, convince us that the contrary is the case. Below Bâle, on the left bank of the Rhine, near the old fortress of Hünningen, is the great piscicultural establishment instituted by the French Government some ten years since, under the superintendence of M. Coste. Suitable buildings were erected here in 1854, which, with the ponds, conduits, and other apparatus connected with the works, have, up to the close of 1862, cost a total amount of about 10,500*l*. The average annual expense of keeping the establishment going during the past five years has been about 2,200*l*. Although a certain number of fishes are hatched at Hünningen, the principal object in view at this establishment is to provide a place where the ova obtained from different parts of Germany and Switzerland may be temporarily deposited, and, after examination, served out to proprietors of waters in different parts of France who are desirous of restocking their fisheries. The ova collected belong to eight different species of fish, being principally those of salmon, common trout, salmon-trout, lake-trout, and the *ombre chevalier* of the French (*Salmo umbra* of naturalists), which have been found by experience to be the kinds that are most easily propagated. The ova of these and other fishes are impregnated at the different places where they are collected, and are shortly afterwards conveyed to Hünningen by the agents employed for that purpose. On their arrival they are sorted, and the unsound ova are removed. They are then deposited on gravel-beds in different compartments of the ponds, and subjected to the vivifying influence of a perpetual stream of fresh water. From time to time they are carefully examined, and the diseased and dead ova picked out. After the expiration of two or three weeks, as the demand for them arises, they are packed in wet moss, and inclosed in wooden cases to be forwarded to various districts where they are required. So persuaded is the French Government of the national advantages likely to accrue from an increase of the supply of fish, and of the probable success of the present method of bringing about this desirable end, that the ova are not only given away gratis to applicants, but are even forwarded to their destination free of expense. In 1861, as we are informed by M. Coumes's official Report, about nineteen and a half millions of fish-ova were received in the establishment at Hünningen, and more than sixteen millions of these, after undergoing partial development, were packed up and forwarded in the manner above mentioned to upwards of 238 different places, to be deposited and hatched in various waters. M. Coumes estimates the quantity of living fishes ultimately produced as approximating to one-third of the ova collected, and assures us that "the increase of fish in the rivers and ponds where this system has been employed has been confirmed by numerous testimonies," and that "the number of piscicultural associations has rapidly increased."

Such, we believe, is a summary of the principal facts regarding the French establishment at Hünningen. In our own country, Messrs. Ashworth, the proprietors of some large fisheries in Galway, have followed the same practice for several years, and are stated to have succeeded so far as to have stocked with salmon Lough Mask in Connemara, and its tributary streams to the north of Lough Corrib. Although a passage was made some years since through the natural barrier of rocks which formerly separated these two Loughs—the lower of which "had abundance of prime salmon," while the upper (Lough Mask) had none—the fishes ungratefully refused to take advantage of the fresh territories thus provided for them. The canal was dug, and its gates were left open from October to April, but not a single salmon passed up. It was thereupon determined to stock the Mask and its tributaries with salmon by artificial propagation. In December, 1861, accordingly, "at least 650,000 salmon-ova" were deposited in gravel-beds selected for the purpose in the tributaries of Lough Mask, and in April, 1863, the fishes thus produced were, it is stated, "migrating to the sea in thousands" through the artificial passage which joins the two Loughs.

At Stormontfield, on the Tay, the artificial propagation of salmon has likewise been carried on upon a small scale, and is considered by its advocates to have been very beneficial in its results. The rental of the Tay fisheries decreased from 14,500*l*, at which amount it stood in 1828, continuously to 1852, when it reached a minimum of 7,973*l*. In the following year a system of artificial propagation was commenced, and the rental has gradually recovered itself, and has now returned to what it was in 1828. "We are aware," says Mr. Buckland, "that other reasons are given for the rise of the rental—such as the extra price of the fish in the London market—but we should like to know how it happens that all the other rivers in Scotland (with the exception, perhaps, of the Sutherland rivers) which have the same market for their fish have, since 1852, had a lower rental instead of an increased one." However this may be, it seems certain that a few more years' experience is requisite to test effectually the system of artificial fish-hatching, and to show whether the benefits to be derived from it are so great as its supporters maintain. If such be the case, it will make its own way surely enough. But we must recollect that the time is not long past when Mr. Cantelupe proposed to hatch all the chickens in England in his "Hydro-Incubator." Yet Mr. Cantelupe did not succeed in uprooting the time-honoured custom of allowing the domestic hen to hatch her own eggs, and we believe the Hydro-Incubator—though it produced quantities of chickens—is universally allowed to have turned out a failure. It is possible that artificial fish-hatching may

\* *Fish-Hatching*. By Frank Buckland, M.A., &c. London: Tinsley Brothers, 1863.

also be given up, but it is not possible that the indirect influence which its advocates have exercised by awakening the public mind to the importance of the subject can be otherwise than beneficial to our fisheries.

We have not followed Mr. Buckland into his description of the boxes, gravel-beds, filters, and other requisites for artificial fecundation and "incubation," as he somewhat incorrectly terms the process of development. Those who wish to become acquainted with the process, which has the merit of being very simple, may refer to Mr. Buckland's pages for instruction. If they wish to see the system in operation, it will not be necessary to go to Hünigen, or even as far as Galway or Stormontfield. In the Zoological Society's Gardens in the Regent's Park they will find one end of the fish-house, where the aquaria are kept, fitted up with tanks and other apparatus for fish-hatching, and, according to the time of year, they will see either ova undergoing the process of development, or shoals of little fishes hatched "upon the premises."

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

PERHAPS the most important book that has issued recently from the German press is the Correspondence \* between Humboldt and Dr. Berghaus, which the survivor has just given to the world. Yet its principal interest will be confined to a limited circle of readers. Dr. Berghaus does not seem to have been on terms of close intimacy with Humboldt, at least until the very close of the philosopher's life. There is therefore little in these volumes that throws light upon Humboldt's private life, or that exhibits his character as it showed itself to his closest friends. His correspondence with Berghaus was almost exclusively scientific, and as science was the employment of his life, it necessarily takes something of a business-like character. There is no anecdote, no gossip in it. He is either contributing material for the construction of a map, or assisting in the conduct of one of the scientific periodicals of which Berghaus was the editor, or discussing with him some moot point of the day, or forwarding to his friend one of the numerous reports which were constantly being sent to him from travellers of every nation. Occasionally a gleam of politics peeps out, but it is usually in some scientific connexion; or allusions are made to some one of those quarrels which are always breaking out in all countries between authors and their booksellers. But, as a rule, the correspondence is severely learned; and large portions of it are not Humboldt at all, but only contain the observations of other scientific travellers which Humboldt was sending to Berghaus for his information. Physical geography, in its widest sense, was naturally the branch of science to which most of the correspondence refers. Ethnology is not unfrequently introduced, especially in relation to the inhabitants of North America. Sometimes, too, a purely chemical question, such as the composition of guano, is touched upon. But far the larger part of the observations recorded bear upon such matters as the readings of barometers and thermometers, the height of mountains, the course of little-known streams, such as the Nile and Niger, and the level of the sea at various places. The correspondence covers a considerable interval of time—from 1825 to 1858. But the acquaintance between the two men dates from a still earlier period. A long and rather interesting account is given by Dr. Berghaus of his first meeting with Humboldt during the occupation of Paris by the Allies in the year 1815. Dr. Berghaus began life as an engineer under the Imperial Government, in one of the new departments which Napoleon had carved out of conquered Germany. It is curious to observe how, in contrast to the general feeling of Germans in the present day, he looks back with tenderness to his French masters, and is rather inclined to compare their system of government favourably with that to which he has since been accustomed from those of his own blood.

A translation of the works of Piero Cironi upon the history of the Italian movement previously to the year 1860 † only deserves mention under the head of German Literature in consequence of a preface with which it has been adorned from the pen of Madame Ludmilla Assing. This lady is already unfavourably known to English readers by the ill-tempered sneers against our Royal Family, and against other living persons of eminence, which she was indiscreet enough to publish from Humboldt's correspondence. She has since repeated the offence in dealing with Varnhagen's papers. Her intimacy, however, with these two men, and with those who surrounded them, give to her writings some importance as an indication of the views entertained by the more advanced German politicians. The author whose work she has edited for the benefit of German readers was a violent Mazzinian, and speaks of Cavour and the moderate party in language scarcely less severe than that which is applied to the most extreme Reactionists. She appears herself to entertain views of a similar hue. She is a passionate admirer of Mazzini, and expresses her veneration for him by comparing him to Robespierre. The passage is curious as revealing an estimate of human worth

which it is hard to believe can have been learnt from the lips of such men as Humboldt and Varnhagen:—

As an example of such a change, the public opinion of Germany in reference to the first French Revolution may be adduced. How were its heroes formerly aspersed and despised among us? Maximilian Robespierre was spoken of as an inhuman monster, until gradually the experience of the people themselves, together with the works of Louis Blanc and others, contributed to introduce a truer judgment, and to allow justice to be done to the patriotism, the courage, and the strength of all those men. As they were at first misunderstood, so have Joseph Mazzini and his disciples been misunderstood.

It is presumably in imitation of the foreign enterprises of these same patriots that, a little further on, the aspirations of her political friends are recorded to be "for a Germany united into one nation, and enlarged by the addition of *Holland and Denmark*." Such are the indications of the future internal and external policy which we must look for from the school which the King of Prussia's measures will probably push into importance.

A short pamphlet \* has appeared at Augsburg, purporting to give the experiences of a German soldier who had served in the English, Papal, Garibaldian, Neapolitan, and French armies. It is probably genuine, though the name of the author is not given; for the style, the mis-spelling of foreign names, the nature of the reflections and observations which are suggested by the sight of celebrated places, and the constant italicizing, all contribute to bear out the theory of a half-educated writer. Assuming it to be genuine, it curiously delineates what manner of men are the modern Dugald Dalgettys who have been called into existence by the wars of the last ten years. The author began by enlisting in the Swiss Legion that was raised for the Crimean war. He was dismissed after the peace, without having seen any service; and his next military appearance was as a volunteer in the Papal army. The Papal Government appears to have accidentally made some distinction between the pay of various regiments, and then to have refused, with blundering obstinacy, to rectify the mistake. The result of that, and of the general feeling of the Italian populations against the Court of Rome, was that the troops deserted in enormous numbers. As many as thirty or forty men would desert in a single night, and the troops who were sent to fetch them back would also desert as well. At first, our author did his best to check these desertions, and caused several culprits to be shot. But afterwards—he relates the occurrence without assigning any cause, or displaying any shame—he resolved to make his profit of the spirit that was abroad among the troops. They were in garrison at Perugia, not far from the Tuscan frontier. He organized a conspiracy to seize the military chest, and march off with its contents into Tuscany. The conspiracy, however, was discovered, and the author sentenced to death. He escaped from Perugia by a bold attack upon the guard, and took refuge in Tuscany. His next proceeding was to enlist under Garibaldi. But in this service he was not fortunate, for he was soon taken prisoner by a Papal detachment. Nothing daunted by his misfortunes, he immediately enlisted again under the Papal banner, and fought under Lamoricière against his late comrades, at Castel-Fidardo and at Ancona. At the latter place he was wounded, and, in the hospital, was recognized by an old comrade at Perugia. He was again condemned to be shot. But he contrived to work upon the feelings of a Garibaldian doctor, and obtained shelter from him until the surrender of the place. The Piedmontese received him as a persecuted friend, and made much of him. As soon, however, as he was recovered, having provided himself with some money out of the purse of his Garibaldian doctor, he betook himself secretly to Gaeta, and enlisted in the service of Francis II., being his fourth change of sides in the course of one year. He was taken prisoner at Gaeta, released, and finally served in the French army in Algiers. He takes great credit for the love of adventure displayed in his frequent transfers of allegiance, and does not think it necessary to apologise for them in the least.

The attention of German writers has been a good deal turned during the past year to the ignominious period during which Germany was a dependency of France. It may be the jubilee of the War of Liberation that has turned their thoughts in this direction, or an unconscious association of ideas provoked by the present attitude of Prussia and the general aspect of European affairs. Whatever the cause, the publications of this class have been unusually numerous. Seehagen, of Berlin, is publishing a series of descriptions of the most humiliating scenes in the great war, under the sensation title of "The Men of the People in the Time of German Misery." † The first volume of the series has just been issued. It is written with considerable skill, and in no degree spares the national feeling of the Prussians. The utter cowardice and incapacity of the Prussian nobility, as displayed in the battle of Jena and the surrender of the fortresses that followed, is described in all its details, without any extenuation. It is a book that may do good at the present juncture, but it will hardly be gratifying to the superior officers of the Prussian

\* *Briefwechsel Alexander von Humboldt mit Heinrich Berghaus*. Leipzig: Costenoble. London: Franz Thümm; Williams & Norgate. 1863.

† *Die Nationale Presse in Italien vom 1828-1860; und der Kunst der Rebellen*. Zwei Schriften von Piero Cironi. Aus dem Italienischen übersetzt und mit einem Vor- und Nachwort von Ludmilla Assing. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

\* *Erlebnisse und Interessante Begebenheiten eines Deutschen in englischen, römischen, garibaldischen, neapolitanischen, und französischen Kriegsdiensten*. Augsburg: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

† *Die Männer des Volks in der Zeit deutschen Elends, 1805-1813*. Berlin: Seehagen. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.



army. The book is avowedly written as a warning, to remind Prussians of the causes which led to their ruin, and of the results, in former times of danger, of the guidance of their aristocratic rulers. It does not profess to draw from any new source of information, but is merely a compilation from works already published.

The *Reminiscences*\* of Major von Thielen are in a very different style. He was originally a subject of the See of Cologne, and when that was seized he entered into the Austrian army in the year 1803. He took part in the campaigns of 1805 and 1809; but the battle of Leipsic was the first important action at which he was present. He afterwards followed Schwarzenberg into France. The chief aim of the present work is to defend the memory of his General against the attacks made upon it by Beitzke, Bernhardt, Häusser, and other writers who have assailed it. The book closes with a review of the Austrian policy between the years 1809 and 1814. The whole is agreeably, though somewhat garrulously, written, as befits a veteran of eighty-two years of age. Much of it is merely a restatement of that which is already known, or a quotation from documents already before the world; but there is enough of personal reminiscences interwoven to make the book a valuable contribution to the history of that time. It is, however, written with too passionate an admiration for Schwarzenberg to leave much value to the author's testimony in matters where his hero's reputation is impugned.

Dr. Förster's *Events of Prussian History during the War of Liberation*† is interesting as coming from the pen of one who himself, as a volunteer, fought through that eventful struggle. Otherwise, it is only a popular and somewhat tame recapitulation of well-known facts of history. It is being issued in numbers; and apparently it has also a political intention, though more carefully disguised than that of *The Men of the People*.

*The Last Fate of the Imperial City of Nuremberg*‡ is a little pamphlet published by Dr. Baader, the conservator of the archives at Nuremberg, containing a collection of all the records and diplomatic papers bearing upon the annexation of that city to the crown of Bavaria. The collection is very complete, and leaves none of the accessories of the tragic scene undepicted. Even the "Trinkgeld" of the constables who officiated at the *Te Deum* on that occasion is duly recorded; and the songs which were sung at the subsequent dinner, redolent with fulsome flattery of Napoleon and the Bavarian Royal Family, are printed in an appendix. It does not appear that Nuremberg lost by the transaction. During the period of her independence she had contrived to involve herself in a debt of more than half a million sterling, or about 60*l.* per head of the inhabitants, so that her finances were in a hopeless condition; and all her property had already been seized, upon various pretexts, by one or other of her powerful neighbours.

Prince Victor von Wied§ is a short but interesting account of the life of one of the Rhine princes, who made himself remarkable among his contemporaries by the eccentricity of not selling his country to the French. His principality was of course subjugated at an early period of the revolutionary war, while, indeed, he himself was still under age. He entered, however, into the Austrian service, was taken prisoner with Mack at Ulm, and was subsequently present at the battle of Austerlitz. When the war broke out again he fought at Eckmühl, and was taken prisoner after being severely wounded. As soon as he was exchanged, he found his way to Cadiz, and took arms in the Spanish service against the oppressor of Germany. His career, however, did not last long. He was shot in a night attack upon St. Felio, under General Sarfield. The information which this brief life of him contains is partly derived from correspondence that has been already published, partly from letters which have been furnished to the author by the family.

To the list of works bearing upon the French domination and its fall must be added a novel by Edmund Hofer, *Die Fremdherrschaft*||. The scene is laid in Prussia, and the story opens at the time when the foreign tyranny had reached its worst—the middle of the year 1812. It is continued through the two following years, and gives a picture of the secret combinations by which Prussia was able to raise a vast army against her oppressors, in spite of the cowardice of the King and the counsellors to whom he trusted. As in all these works, care is taken to do full justice to the share which the King and the higher aristocracy bore in bringing about and perpetuating the disasters of the country. The political portion of the story constitutes its main substance. The love part derives some originality from the circumstance that the heroine has

one leg shorter than the other. Under these circumstances, however, the author does not venture in the ordinary fashion to conclude with a wedding, but thinks it more expedient to kill his hero in battle.

A fifth volume of the *Fontes Rerum Austriacarum*\* has been published by the Imperial Academy at Vienna. It contains the Codex Strahoviensis, comprising the narrative ascribed to the monk Ansbart of the crusade of Frederic Barbarossa, and the Chronicles of Vincent of Prague and Gerlach of Mühlhausen. The MS. is imperfect in many parts, owing to its having been within a comparatively recent period recovered from the hands of a surgeon who was using its parchment leaves for plasters. The editors, MM. Tauschinski and Palger, have furnished it with references and various readings, and an introduction with a few notes. In the same volume is printed, in a Slavonian dialect, the death-register of the order of the Bohemian Brothers. It is barely what its name imports—a list of the dates at which the various members of the order died, together with, occasionally, the addition of the date of their ordination. The Chronicle of Ansbart the monk contains, among other things, an account of the imprisonment of Richard Cœur de Lion, as seen from an Austrian point of view. The pious monk looks upon his capture as a remarkable instance of Divine equity, and thinks that the castle of Tyernstein was a great deal too good lodging for such a man. He describes him as one "qui gloria omnes anteire voluit et omnium indignationem meruit," and proceeds to accuse him of a great number of terrible crimes, of which the most emphatically reprobated is that of having treated everybody with contempt.

Another series of archives published by the Imperial Academy at Vienna has reached its twenty-eighth volume.† This last volume includes a number of death-registers from the records of the Cathedral of Salzburg, edited from the MSS. in the Imperial Library; a short treatise by Dr. Zahn upon the little property of Sachseingang, which lies upon the Danube, about ten miles below Vienna, and which was the site of a castle that in ancient times was held by a family of some importance; and a curious history of the campaigns of Wallenstein, drawn from the "Relations" of the Venetian ambassadors of the day. When the catastrophe comes at last, the feelings of the ambassador are entirely on the Imperial side, and his murder he speaks of as "cosa di servizio di Dio." He is sure the Senate will be glad to hear of the death of a man who was so ungrateful to his own prince, and who, therefore, must be hateful to all princes.

Another volume of the *Scriptores Rerum Prussicarum*‡, under the editorship of Dr. Hirsch, Dr. Töppen, and Dr. Strehlke, has appeared. The pieces contained in it are very numerous and very various in kind. The plan upon which it is constructed is that of selecting six of the more important documents and placing them at the head of separate divisions, and, answering to them, by way of appendix, a considerable number of smaller documents of less importance or more fragmentary character. Of the six more important records three are Chronicles—that of Hermann of Wartburg, a Chronicle of Livonia, Wigand of Marburg's Chronicle of the deeds of the Teutonic Knights, and a Prussian Chronicle in rhyme referring to the end of the thirteenth century, which has been discovered in a fragmentary form, written upon some parchment that had been used for the binding of a book. The other three documents are legends of saints—St. Barbara, St. Adalbert, and St. Dorothea. In addition to a great number of shorter documents which are adduced in illustration, introductions are prefixed to each division, explaining the circumstances under which each chronicle or legend has been preserved, and giving an account of the present condition of the text. Notes containing a careful list of all the various readings are subjoined to the text.

A *Comparative Grammar*§ which has been published by Professor Kelle, of the University of Prague, is a book of some importance. It embraces in its comparative analysis all the languages of the Germanic races, and in the treatment of them departs widely from the system laid out by Grimm and others whose authority has hitherto been paramount. Its contents are, of course, too purely technical to admit of any abridged account. The technical character of the book has been aggravated, while its value has been enhanced, by the rigid rule which the author has laid down for himself against adducing any forms which depend upon deductions from a theory, and have no authority which can be quoted in their justification. The present volume, to which the author has given the title of *Nomen*, is only the first; others are shortly to follow.

We should notice a German magazine|| which has been lately

\* *Erinnerungen aus dem Kriegeleben eines 82-jährigen Veteranen der Österreichischen Armée.* Von M. Ritter von Thielen. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

† *Denkwürdigkeiten Preussischer Geschichte aus den Befreiungskriegen, 1813, 1814, 1815.* Von Fr. Förster. Berlin: Holstein. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

‡ *Der Reichsstadt Nürnberg letztes Schicksal und ihr Uebergang an Bayern.* Von J. Baader. Nürnberg: Korn. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

§ *Prinz Victor von Wied, in Briefen.* Von Fr. W. Winckel. Neuwied: Heuser. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

|| *Unter die Fremdherrschaft. Eine Geschichte von 1812 und 1813.* Von E. Hofer. 3 Bände. Stuttgart: Krabbe. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

\* *Österreichische Geschichtsquellen.* V. Band. Codex Strahoviensis, und Todtenbuch der Geistlichkeit der Böhmisches Brüder. Wien: k. k. Staatsdruckerei. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

† *Archiv für Kunde österreichischer Geschichtsquellen,* 23<sup>er</sup> Band. Wien: Gerold. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

‡ *Scriptores Rerum Prussicarum, oder die Geschichtsquellen der Preussischen Vorzeit.* 2<sup>ter</sup> Band. Leipzig: Hirschel. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

§ *Vergleichende Grammatik der Gothischen, Hochdeutschen, u.s.w.* Bearbeitet von Dr. J. Kelle. Prag: Credner. London: Dulau. 1863.

|| *The German Magazine.* A Monthly Journal, in the German language, for English Readers. By J. McEwen. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

started. It is not intended to achieve any literary success, but is only one of the many benevolent attempts that are being constantly made to render the study of the language less repelling to English readers than it usually appears to be; and for this end it seems well adapted. Its plan is to select easy poems, songs, scenes from plays, or little tales, and print them with a running marginal translation of the hard words. The extracts differ, of course, in difficulty, and the notes are occasionally dropped for the benefit of more advanced students.

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